

TO  
MARY PHELPS  
IN ADMIRATION  
OF HER PIONEERING SPIRIT  
AND BECAUSE SHE HAS  
ALWAYS KNOWN THIS  
OPEN SECRET OF  
HISTORY

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# LIVES THAT MOVED THE WORLD

*Brief Biographies of  
Famous Men & Women*

BY  
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EVANS BROTHERS LIMITED

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## *Foreword*

**T**HIS is a book of life stories of active service—service not in war, but in the age-long struggle for social progress, justice and the fundamental rights of man.

Here are some swift records of a few of those who have fought in that battle : scientists, explorers, writers, organisers, politicians, nurses, orators, missionaries, saints, thinkers. In the immediate past and in our own day they have made and are making the real new order. And in the swiftly changing world, moving towards new ways of planning and living, there is still so much to be done, which will only be done rightly if it is undertaken in their spirit of service, love and universal brotherhood. We might well be proud to enrol ourselves with such a company.



# THE LARGEST FAMILY in the WORLD

## *The Story of Thomas Barnardo*

CANADA, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, all over the British Empire, all over the world this family extends, the outcome of a need, a vision, a call to service. Where should the story start? Is it with the moment when a young Irishman at the age of sixteen became so strongly aware of God that he changed his whole life? Or when he decided to undertake missionary work in China and went to the East End of London to train as a doctor in London Hospital in preparation for his missionary work? Or when he opened his little weekly service for East End youngsters? Anyway, Thomas Barnardo never went to China as a missionary because one night, when he had finished the service in the gas-lit mission room, he discovered a poor little chap called Jimmy Jarvis staying around as long as he possibly could.

"Go on, now; run along home, Jim."

For a moment Jimmy was silent; then he said simply: "I've nowhere to go; I've not got any home."

Homeless! The incredible idea became a challenge. Were there others like Jimmy Jarvis? Waifs and strays drifting about in the poor quarters of London and the other great cities? Thomas Barnardo himself was poor enough, but he remembered his own happy home life in Dublin, and I think it was at that moment that this story really begins, when he felt the call to provide these youngsters with some sort of home. Starting with Jimmy Jarvis he collected together the largest family in the world, a family which began in one house in Commercial Road in Whitechapel and extended to the four corners of the earth.

He was little more than a boy, only just turned twenty, on that evening when Jimmy's confession showed him the great job that

needed doing. When he died, forty years afterwards, in 1905, he had over one hundred homes in Britain alone, thousands of his boys and girls were boarded out with decent families, and his colossal scheme for the emigration of the youngsters to the colonies was giving chances to thousands upon thousands of others who might easily have drifted into poverty, unemployment, or even crime here.

Barnardo believed that the environment was everything; he refused to allow that any child, brought under right influence, need go wrong because of heredity.

His own blazing enthusiasm for the waifs and strays he communicated to others so that the work could be financed. One dramatic story is told of how he interested Lord Shaftesbury. He knew Shaftesbury's passion for doing good, his interest in the poor and outcast, and one evening when he chanced to meet him after a public dinner he spoke to the great philanthropist about the homeless children. But Shaftesbury, in spite of his keen interest in the destitute, could not believe it: he thought this earnest young man must be exaggerating the number of children without homes. Barnardo begged Shaftesbury to put the matter to an immediate test. It was already late, but they left the West End, called a hansom cab, and jogged away eastward. Under Barnardo's direction the cabby drove to Whitechapel, branched off from the main roads into the dark side turnings, stopped at last before a great warehouse where in sheds around a yard goods were stacked under tarpaulins. At that hour it seemed quiet and deserted, but Barnardo pulled away one of the tarpaulins, reached down between the packing-cases, grasped a naked foot and ankle, and pulled out the frightened lad who was sleeping there.

For a moment the boy struggled, thinking it was a policeman who had hauled him out of his strange "bedroom." Reassured, he was asked if others were there also. His method of demonstrating was drastic but effective: he danced a jig across the tarpaulins, and no less than seventy-eight boys and girls were brought to light. From that moment Shaftesbury was one of the keenest patrons of the young doctor, one of the most helpful friends of his "family."

The history of Barnardo's homes is full of such drama. At first Barnardo tried to run them as a sideline on the evangelical work he

was doing, but soon they swamped it. His own training as a doctor went by the board ; but many years after, in the midst of his enormous work, he decided to obtain his medical degree because everybody called him " Doctor " Barnardo and he was too honest to have any shams in his life.

At first he confined the work to destitute boys ; but, when he married, one admirer gave the young couple a large old house at Barkingside, and forthwith he began to use it as a home for girls too. Then came the development of Homes in the country. He thought the work was going well until one day he overheard two of his girls talking in an ugly way that showed him something was wrong. His own record is that he lay awake for hours that night pondering what to do, until suddenly into his mind flashed the text : " God setteth the solitary in families." That was the solution : the Homes were too big, too barrack-like. Characteristically he reorganised the whole work, replanned every detail, aimed at an ideal of boarding the young people out with people who would love and look after them. That personal attitude has always been the keynote of the vast work he did. Whenever a group of his boys and girls were setting sail for Canada or some other distant part of the world, he went down to the ship to see them off. He planned every detail. He declared that nothing was impossible. He devoted every waking hour for forty years to this family of his ; and if to-day the world is happily moving towards the point where we do not tolerate having hundreds of destitute children at large in our great cities, we may nevertheless remember the vast work of Thomas Barnardo, the work that came into being out of his Christ-like love for Jimmy Jarvis that night in the gas-lit mission room.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

" Love is the power which rules these Homes."



" I would not exchange my life and work for any man's that I know of. If I had to live over again I would do exactly the same thing, only . . . with fewer mistakes."

*Thomas Barnardo.*



“FEAR NOT TO SOW because of  
the BIRDS”      *The Story of Samuel  
and Henrietta Barnett*

SAMUEL and Henrietta Barnett had those words of his carved over the mantelpiece of their sitting-room. They tell their own story of the disappointments they had known in that plucky “job of work” which they undertook down in Whitechapel about sixty years ago—work which had as part of its harvest the whole movement of settlements and clubs.

Whitechapel in the 1880's was no bed of roses. It was London's worst district for poverty, and the crime and drink, gambling and vice which poverty can so easily cause. Its local church was St. Jude's, and Samuel Barnett was appointed Vicar. A Vicar with a difference. He saw that what was needed in Whitechapel was something more than preaching and services; he realised that if anything was to be done it meant some kind of getting together with the people around, working with them, being friends. Particularly he wanted the younger folk whose lives were spoiling at the corners of these dingy streets. He was twenty-eight and he had just married Henrietta who was twenty-one; together they threw themselves into the tussle with evil and ugliness around their new home.

“The cluster of low hovels, the network of courts and alleys,” he wrote, “was inhabited by the criminal, the vicious, the degraded.”

That was the challenge, and these two took it up.

“To share, not to stand on a platform and shower down, but to stand on the floor and share, shoulder to shoulder: that was the first principle. To share our possessions, our best possessions, art, literature, music, thought, knowledge, friends, happiness, beauty, ideals, hope. The second was like unto it, to create friendship.”

It was that sharing idea which made these two young people start Toynbee Hall, the forerunner of all Settlements, a place where

the more fortunate folk from comfortable homes and universities could live shoulder to shoulder with the poor. It was this sharing idea which made the Barnetts start the scheme of helping pay for children to go into the country in the summer which ultimately became the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Then their own holidays abroad and in the beauty spots of England had to be shared too, and they started another plan for sharing these with their Whitechapel neighbours which in due course became the Workers' Travel Association. When eventually they went to live out at Hampstead, near the Heath, they wanted to share that pleasure also, and they founded Hampstead Garden Suburb as an experiment in happy living in community. These were only three of the outstanding jobs of pioneering which they undertook and won out upon.

Their lives together, the sporting tussle they had against all manner of prejudices and with all manner of people, the early days in Whitechapel, the later days when their names were known everywhere as social workers: these things make a marvellous and thrilling story of pluck and perseverance. Of disappointments, too, for if you are carving out new paths in things it doesn't all go smoothly.

"Fear not to sow because of the birds."

To get one particular piece of work started Henrietta Barnett and a woman assistant wrote 13,000 personal letters to people who might help. Not circulars, but real individual letters. Work is also part of the make-up of these people who get things done.

And always there was the dependence upon religion, real religion, to create the will to do good—a listening to that God Whom Canon Barnett humbly called "The Not-ourselves."

"A deeper religion is the one necessity of social reform," he said once.

His wife wrote about him: "He had an abhorrence of cant and rarely talked as most parsons do about prayer, but sometimes he spoke of 'Sitting down with our 'Christed selves'' and of the duty of helping others to know that they also have 'Christed selves': in other words to visualise ideals for ourselves and our neighbours, our town and our nation. If, for example, we visualised every family in a home, homes would be built and slums would disappear."

That was the essentially practical faith of these two courageous workers and fighters against social wrongs. And because their faith was great enough to remove mountains of prejudice and difficulty, Toynbee Hall came into existence, the Children's Holiday Fund came into existence, the Workers' Travel Association. The leisure time of thousands of working people became enormously enriched. Education, music, art, literature, the joy of travel, every kind of cultural recreation which had for centuries been the monopoly of the wealthy, were made available to the ordinary people. They showed the way, living with and completely sharing their lives and privileges with the people of the East End of London ; and the widespread Club and Settlement movement remains as a monument to Samuel and Henrietta Barnett and their splendid experiment in applied Christianity sixty years ago.



*The Word behind the Deed*

"The greatest obstacle to reform is want of will."



"Ten righteous men, men with a knowledge of God, can drive out of their cities that indolence which hates to be troubled, that ignorance that sells the future, and that selfishness which makes a few homes surpassingly luxurious and leaves many homes unfit for human habitation."

*Samuel Barnett.*

# A MAP ON A SCHOOLROOM WALL

*The Story of  
William Carey*

THE village school at Moulton in Northamptonshire in the year 1786 was not a very grand affair by to-day's standards, consisting as it did of one room in a small thatched cottage. The schoolmaster at that time was also the village shoemaker. He was twenty-four years old, and had a young wife and four children to keep. "When I kept school, the school kept me," he said; in fact it brought him in seven shillings and sixpence a week, and he earned about as much again from his shoemaking, and a few shillings as a Baptist preacher. Which meant abject poverty and strain for a man already ill with overwork. But this man was William Carey; and William Carey, though none then knew it, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived, and it was in that tiny schoolroom that his life found its purpose.

Two things gave it direction: one was a passion for geography. That year *The Voyages of Captain Cook* were being published in weekly parts, and although the family lived "with a scanty pittance of provisions" Carey managed to put aside his weekly sixpence to buy it. He followed the voyages on the globe of leather which he had made and on which he had drawn the outlines, since he was too poor to buy a proper globe. Now he was making a map of the world on the whole of one wall of his little schoolroom. He stuck sheets of paper together. He drew in the continents, the islands, the countries. As his friend Fuller wrote:

"He drew with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he met with in reading relative to population, etc."

As he gathered his facts from newspapers, from borrowed books

and a few cheap bought ones, William Carey's map became an encyclopædia.

He was not thinking of those nations and populations as mere statistics, however. He had a second passion beside geography—a love for these people in distant countries, a desire to help them, and, because he was so vehement a Christian, a desire to preach Christianity to them. Normal enough to-day, but in 1786 missionary work was undreamed of. So the map on the schoolroom wall played its part. In less than five years he had turned the facts written on it into a pamphlet :

“An ENQUIRY into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens.”

They liked long titles in the eighteenth century ! This was a challenge, and it shook the churches though at first they opposed it bitterly. Shook them not least because it was a brilliant and scholarly piece of work. One great scholar said of it :

“In an obscure village, toiling save when he slept and finding rest on Sunday only by change of toil, far from libraries and the society of men with more advantages than his own, this shoemaker surveys the whole world, continent by continent, island by island, race by race, kingdom by kingdom, tabulating his results with an accuracy which would extort the admiration of learned men even of the present day.”

Out of that map, out of that pamphlet, came the whole vast modern missionary movement, with William Carey as its true founder.

From that time onward his life became a romance of that enormous effort.

How he fought down opposition, and then begged money shilling by shilling to finance a journey to India ; how, with a wife, four children and a sister-in-law, he undertook that difficult journey in faith, for the authorities had refused him a permit to land there ; how he smuggled himself and his party in, and then had to work managing a factory as well as conducting his mission in order to be allowed to stay ; how he gradually won the confidence even of the Governor-General and became the most loved and respected Englishman in all India : these things make a fantastic story of determination.

Alongside them is the story of his work as a linguist. Even in the days of the little school he had managed somehow to teach himself Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian, Dutch and French. On the long perilous voyage—it took six months in a 600-ton sailing boat—he learned Bengali. Arrived in India he learned Sanskrit and then nearly forty other native languages. Again he had an idea which was new in the world—he would give the natives the Bible in their own languages. So he proceeded to translate the Bible as a spare-time occupation. To read the amount of work he did every day makes your head reel !

When the Bengali version of the Bible was ready he found it would cost £4000 to print and publish it. So he managed to buy an old press and get some type cut, and with the help of his fifteen-year-old son Felix and a man brought from England for the purpose he printed his own Bibles.

Little wonder that when Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General, started a College to instruct young men of the Indian Civil Service in the native tongues, it was to William Carey, the once despised missionary, that he turned as the greatest scholar in those oriental languages.

"I can plod," William Carey modestly said of himself. But he said one other thing which gives us the true secret of that wonderful career from poor, sick schoolmaster to world-famous missionary, administrator and oriental scholar :

"Expect great things from God ;  
Attempt great things for God."

That was the real dynamic which led this man to change the whole relationship of the white man with the coloured races. That was the thing which gave its final significance to the map on the schoolroom wall.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"Cold reason alone would suggest that a world so beautiful and so plainly under the government of God, cannot for ever be the theatre of oppression, slavery and war, and would incite us to hasten the reign of righteousness and peace."

*William Carey.*

## A DAWN IN BRUSSELS

### *The Story of Nurse Cavell*

OCTOBER, 1915, with Brussels in the hands of the German invaders. The scene is a cell in the prison of St. Gilles, in which occupant a pale, elderly woman in a shabby little coat and skirt, an old-fashioned hat on her head, a battered leather handbag at her feet. A knock comes at the cell door. The rattle of a bunch of keys, and the German pastor, Paul le Seur, stands in the doorway.

"The time has come, Fraulein."

"I am ready."

At his side she walks through the dreary grey corridors; past the Belgian jailers, who doff their caps in homage as she passes; down to the waiting cars at the prison gates. A drive of four miles to the old musketry school, the *Ter National*, and there, at dawn on that grim autumnal morning, this frail little grey-haired woman faces the firing squad.

Edith Cavell.

The name stands among the great names of those who have unflinchingly done what seemed to them right, and have borne the consequences without complaint or recrimination.

We all know her story: her birthplace, the tiny Norfolk village of which her father was rector; her going to Belgium first as a governess and then, after qualifying as a nurse, being appointed as the head of a school of nurses there in 1907; her return to her post after a brief holiday in England in the days immediately preceding the war; the determination to carry on her work of mercy under the enormous difficulties of the German occupation of the city; the chain of events which brought her into contact with the courageous men and women who were getting British soldiers and patriotic Belgians over the border into friendly allied hands; her co-operation in this adventurous and risky work; her betrayal;

her trial under the German military code ; her sentence ; the hopeless fight for her reprieve ; then, this last scene.

All this story of cool courage and daring on behalf of her compatriots is a thrilling enough record. But the annals of war are full of stories of courage. That of Nurse Cavell is remarkable for the spirit in which she faced this tragic end.

The evening before she had been visited by the English Chaplain, brought to her by that understanding Pastor le Seur, who had said :

"I do not want you to see in me the German ; I am only the servant of our Lord and Saviour, and I place myself entirely at your disposal."

It was in that spirit that he arranged for her own countryman to visit her. This was no ordinary visit, not even the conventional acceptance of religious consolation in such tragic circumstances. For to Edith Cavell her religion was the very mainspring of her unflinching sense of duty and right. Everything she did was the outcome of that coiled power within her. For the more than two months of her imprisonment it was Thomas a Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* which had been her chief solace, along with the Bible. It was on the fly-leaf of that copy of the *Imitation* that she wrote a brief diary of her life. In those last days, and in that spirit, she had written :

"It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time. It were more than just that thou shouldst accuse thyself and excuse thy brother."

And to the English chaplain, Gavan, she gave those last words which have resounded down the corridors of time :

"I have no fear or shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end. Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty. This time of rest has been a great mercy. They have all been kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in the view of God and eternity—I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone."



Carved on her monument near Trafalgar Square, the words have become a rallying cry for all of us who seek to live with a courage which will serve not only our own country but the whole world :

"Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

It was not for nothing that Edith Cavell turned in the last months of her brave life to find truth in *The Imitation of Christ*.



### *The Word behind the Deed*

In her copy of Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ*, Edith Cavell had marked these passages and often had dated them, revealing that they gave her inspiration in the days immediately preceding her death :

"Cast thy heart firmly in the Lord, and fear not the judgment of men, when conscience testifieth of thy dutifulness and innocency.

"It is a good and happy thing to suffer in such a way ; nor will this be grievous to a heart which is humble, and which trusteth rather in God than in itself."



"Not seeking thine own interest either in great matters or in small, either in time or in eternity. So shalt thou keep one and the same countenance, always with thanksgiving both in prosperity and adversity, weighing all things with an equal balance."



"Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere."

# THE SAINT OF THE LEPERS

## *The Story of Father Damien*

**A**T eighteen years old Joseph de Veuster of Louvain in Belgium followed the example of his elder brother Pamphile and entered a monastery. Both brothers were ardently religious, and with the enthusiasm of youth and abundant strength Joseph threw himself into the life of devotion as earnestly as Pamphile himself, though the elder brother was already a Father of the Order and he was yet but a novice. As soon as possible he gave himself completely to the monastic life, taking the name of Damien. Years afterward he was to write :

“I would like to remain unknown to the world.”

But the name of Father Damien was destined to stir the imagination of mankind as one of the world's greatest heroes, a saint more magnificent in his self-chosen martyrdom than that canonised one whose name he had chosen. For Joseph de Veuster remains in the calends of humanity as Father Damien of the Lepers.

His first going to the Hawaiian Islands was typical of his impulsive passion to do good. Pamphile was to have gone there as one of a group of four missionaries, but he had been giving his services in an epidemic of typhus at Paris, and at the last moment went down with the disease himself. Damien, young as he was, begged to go in his brother's place. In 1873 these islands in the midst of the Pacific Ocean were remote and uncivilised ; but then as now they were a dream of natural beauty, of flowers and mountains and blue lagoons amid the coral reefs. But behind that beauty lurked a terror : its name was leprosy. Incurable, horrible, most dreaded and dreadful of human diseases, it scourged the islands.

Just before Father Damien arrived a law had been passed to try to arrest the awful contagion by isolating the victims. Anybody

suspected of leprosy was sent to Molokai, one of the islands ; and at one end of it, in the peninsula of Kalawao, shut off by a 2000-foot mountain wall, eight hundred of these hopeless men and women were doomed to spend their lives. The mark of the leper was upon them ; they were for ever the forbidden people.

To Father Damien they were not forbidden people. They were parishioners with souls to save. He asked permission to go to them and act as their priest. It meant the end of all other human contact for him, for no intercourse was permitted between Kalawao and the outside world. It meant almost inevitably that he himself would become a victim of this loathsome disease. It meant ultimate years of ugliness, suffering and slow death. Father Damien faced these certainties, and made his deliberate choice.

In a letter to his parents he writes that he said to himself : " Now, Joseph my boy, this is your life work."

In 1873 he sailed for Molokai.

Immediately he was forbidden to leave the leper colony. Even to speak to another priest was not permitted ; and there was one wonderful scene where Father Damien made his confession and received absolution, himself in a small boat drawn up under the lee of a visiting ship, his priest on the deck above him.

On the island he had to shelter at first under a Pandarus tree while he built himself a small hut. Nor at first was he generally welcomed by his strange parishioners. His business, as he saw it, was primarily the saving of souls, and he pursued it with the passion of a zealot. The simple islanders, children of Nature that they were rather than of the Church, had little use for the strict discipline that Damien urged. But gradually he won them over. Here, at least, was somebody who cared enough for them to share their lot, to lay down his life for them. He had a genius, too, for immediate practical help. Physically he was enormously strong, and he began to use this bodily strength carrying enormous logs of timber to help build houses for them. He built four churches. He organised the establishment of approximately civilised conditions in the villages. He planned and carried out schemes of sanitation and water supply. Even at their deaths he served them, for he made coffins and gave his people Christian burial with the rites of his Church. He established an orphanage for the children from whom the disease had taken

their parents, and he arranged and superintended the teaching of them.

From the outer world came the stir of vast admiration for this priest : vain now to wish to remain unknown. If Father Damien had any use for this eulogy of his work it was that he might get funds for further service, for comforts and relief for his people. Catholic and Protestant alike responded to his appeals, and soon he was able to finance his boldest schemes, to make personal gifts to the lepers, to provide drugs and medical supplies, to help them in a hundred material ways besides the great spiritual service which was always his foremost concern.

For seventeen years he gave every waking hour to them and their material and spiritual needs. There came an inevitable day when, putting his foot into hot water, he felt no sensation. It was the dreaded sign : Father Damien himself was the victim of leprosy. His letters accept the fact quietly. He had always known it must happen. All he could do was to redouble his efforts for others until he became completely incapacitated. For nearly five more years he worked on under the growing horror, and in 1889 this courageous man died in the midst of the people who had come so to love him that they used regularly to serenade him in the evenings.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the year after Damien died, wrote the fine *Open Letter* which defended his memory and stressed anew the beauty of that life of love and sacrifice. And under the old Pandarus tree where he had built his first crude hut Father Damien sleeps among the untouchables to whom he had brought the healing of his Christlike touch.



*The Word behind the Deed*

"In the Kingdom of God there is no exile ; in the soul given to God, no incurable disease."

*Father Damien.*

## “STIFF AS A TREE, PURE AS A BELL”

### *The Story of George Fox*

**H**AVE you ever read *The Journal of George Fox*? It is an old book, belonging in fact to the days of Charles the Second; but it is a story full of adventure and pluck, and might remind us in these days when we are fighting for liberty of the way some of the fellows of nearly three hundred years ago secured that liberty for us.

Fox was an extraordinary person, one of the men who wanted freedom to worship God in his own way at a time when the only legal way of worship was that of the Established Church. It is difficult for us to-day to realise what that fight for freedom of opinion and worship meant. We cannot imagine being forbidden to attend any religious meeting other than that at the parish church, on pain of heavy fines, imprisonment, torture and even death. Perhaps we take our churchgoing so lightly, that we would be very unlikely to risk fines or imprisonment in such a cause; but these men of the seventeenth century did not think that way, least of all George Fox.

He felt the existing Church to be wrong, and he said so in spite of every threat. He had a daring way of calling churches “Steeple Houses.” He believed that every man could have a message from God if he would patiently listen to it, and he claimed that every man should have the right to pass his message on to other men whether he were a clergyman or not. Of course, we say. But it is “of course” now because Fox and thousands of others suffered to establish our right to such freedom.

They called him “The Man in Leather Breeches” because he used to dress so simply in those days when men wore velvet and satin. It was part of the idea of the religion he wanted to establish that a man or woman should not pay too much attention to fine clothes, but should in everything be simple and true.

He also believed very literally in turning the other cheek.

There is one story of many similar in the *Journal* which he wrote telling from day to day the adventures of his life, about the way a crowd had beaten him up pretty badly at Ulverstone, when the local magistrates had turned him over to them for that purpose. They knocked him unconscious; and, after waiting for him to recover, a mason gave him such a blow on the head with a stick that his arm became paralysed. When, covered with bruises, bleeding and, as he said, "dirted," he staggered back into the town, a soldier, furious with the crowd for their treatment of one defenceless man, offered to escort him. But Fox would only walk with the soldier if he sheathed his sword.

"You must put up your sword, Friend, if you will come along with me," he said through his swollen and bruised lips.

It is a typical story of this brave man whose bravery lay in allowing himself to be beaten time and time again rather than retaliate.

One of his many imprisonments was in Scarborough Castle. His cell was one of the vilest: a mere cave facing the sea, with an uneven rocky floor and a roof through which the water poured. When it rained Fox had to spend all his time baling the water out with the pewter platter which he had for his food, otherwise there would be no place where he could stand without having his feet in water. If he were permitted to light a fire in that part of the miserable place which had been scooped out as a fireplace, the smoke would fill the whole cave chokingly. One day the prison governor, Sir John Crosland, came to visit his prisoner in his cell:

"I had a little fire made in it, and it was so filled with smoke that when they were in they could hardly find their way out again."

Because he complained of this they moved him to another worse cell, facing the sea and the storms through its unglazed window space.

"This being also on the seaside and lying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly so that the water came over my bed and ran about the room so that I was fain to skim it up with my platter."

Little wonder that his fingers "swelled each as big as two!"

For months, and into years, he was kept confined in these miserable conditions. But always he kept on friendly terms with his jailers and with the other prisoners, many of whom were of the most dreadful kind. Whenever he had a chance he preached to them in his own way, and the force of his example made them see that his religion was sound stuff. Once a fellow prisoner drunkenly challenged him to fight. Says Fox :

"I, seeing what condition he was in, got out of his way ; and next morning, when he was more sober, showed him how unmanly a thing it was in him to challenge a man to fight whose principle he knew it to be not to strike but if he were stricken on the one ear to turn the other. But, however, seeing he had challenged me, I was now come to answer him, with my hands in my pockets : and, reaching my head towards him, 'Here,' said I, 'here is my hair, here my cheeks, here is my back.' With that he skipped away from me and went into another room. Thus he was conquered without a blow."

The famous *Journal* is full of such stories. Fox did not always escape the blows, but he never betrayed the spirit within him which commanded him to non-resistance, until those who tried to triumph over him physically were beaten by his marvellous type of courage.

When he left Scarborough prison he was able to record :

"The officers and soldiers also were mightily changed and became very respectful to me ; when they had occasion to speak of me they would say, 'He is stiff as a tree and pure as a bell ; for we could never bow him.'"



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"Honouring all men is reaching God in every man."



"For the Truth be valiant on the earth."



"The power of God will bring some good out in all your sufferings ; and your imprisonments will reach to the Prisoned that the persecutor prisons in himself."

*George Fox.*

## FOR THOSE IN PRISON

### *The Story of Elizabeth Fry*

**A**WFUL as prisons still are, their condition cannot be compared with that which prevailed in the early part of last century. John Howard had launched his campaign of reform, had made heroic journeys to the worst prisons in Europe and made the evil known,<sup>1</sup> but little had yet been done.

Come, for example, to Newgate. Fetid, dark, almost unventilated despite the windmill which had recently been set up over the gate in a hopeless effort to get air in, the prison is frantically overcrowded, nearly 850 unfortunates swarming about the place made to hold 500. They are living like animals: first offenders and hardened criminals, young and old, lunatics, debtors, women of the streets and little children, herded together. Many of them are under sentence of death for the slightest crimes—in 1833 a child of nine who pushed a stick through a shop window and stole twopennyworth of paints was condemned to death. Many more are awaiting exile to the appalling penal colony at Botany Bay, if they survive the voyage. Others are here in the hopelessness of the system which threw men and women into jail for debt and left them there unless by miracle the debt was paid.

Among the most desperate are the women: more than three hundred of them, and with them their children. They all sleep on the floor. They wash—if they wash—in pails on the floor. For the rest they sit about on the verminous straw beds from morning till night with absolutely nothing to do. If any stranger appears they clamour for money to buy gin from a tap in the prison. Newcomers are immediately set upon, robbed and beaten up by this screaming, blaspheming crowd, and on the nights before the convict ships sail

<sup>1</sup> See page 36.



for Botany Bay they habitually smash everything capable of being smashed.

Into this inferno of filth, disease and wickedness one day in 1813 two courageous women penetrate. They come not as others might to enjoy the weekly diversion of the "Death Sermon" and to watch the poor wretches herded in the condemned pen round the table on which is a black coffin; not even to scatter a few coppers among the prisoners and see the mad fight for their possession. Miraculously they come because they believe that these poor degraded women are nevertheless their fellow-creatures and that something of real help might be done for them.

A few days before two men—Stephen Grellett and William Forster—had visited Newgate on a like errand. The governor vigorously opposed their entering the women's ward, so desperate were the inmates; but they persisted, and what they saw there was so dreadful that Grellett hastened to the one woman in London who might dare to do something. True, she was a wealthy banker's wife, with a big house to manage and a family of nine young children on her hands. But already her reputation for the divine courage and energy of goodness was widespread. She listened. She shared the concern. She determined to act.

And so Elizabeth Fry came to those in prison.

That first visit determined her great life work. Within a short time we find her going daily to this fetid place, organising a school for the children and getting a woman watch-stealer, Mary Conner, to act as teacher. She gathered eleven other women around her, and every day in the week, every hour in the day, some of these women were at their work of mercy and reform in that once desperate prison. Most wonderful of all was the response and the co-operation Elizabeth Fry evoked from the women themselves. The magistrates had opposed her scheme. They said:

"It is vain to expect such untrained and turbulent spirits to submit to the regulations of a woman armed with no legal authority and unable to inflict punishment."

"Let the experiment be tried," retorts Elizabeth.

Her journal records the result :

"No more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no longer resounds with obscenity, imprecations and licentious songs ; and, to use the coarse but just expression of one who knew it well, this 'hell upon earth' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory or a well-regulated family."

So in spite of predictions of failure, the opposition of officialdom, she got these women stitching and sewing and keeping the place clean ; she had the children taught ; she herself talked and read and prayed with her charges, and they listened.

The greatest test came when the Botany Bay ship was to set off. It was a triumph for the spirit of Elizabeth Fry. Not a window was broken, not a thing. There were tears and quiet farewells in place of the old drunken rage. The next day Elizabeth Fry travelled to Ramsgate to see the women aboard the convict ship, and from then until her last illness twenty years afterwards she visited every transport that left England, getting conditions on board tremendously improved. There are vivid descriptions from the captains of this soberly dressed Quaker lady being rowed through stormy seas on this self-appointed task. Once, when eleven women had broken out in the old manner on the eve of departure, they sent her a shamed apology.

Meantime she badgered Parliament and her influential friends for drastic reforms in the prisons and the penal code. She had the prison itself cleaned and whitewashed ; she started a strong campaign against capital punishment (a matter on which Britain still lags behind more enlightened nations) ; she intrigued Bishops and Cabinet Ministers and the Royal Family. Even when her husband's business collapsed and she had to live very humbly she carried on this vast labour of love. She made journeys to France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark to start the work there, despite what she called "the roughs of the journey"—"roughs" indeed for a woman of sixty, one hundred years ago. She spoke at meetings, agitated for reforms, collected funds, organised, pleaded, wrote thousands of letters, interviewed everybody of power and importance, and meantime ceaselessly visited the prisons herself and radiated her own marvellous personality in direct loving contact with those in prison.

Incidentally, as a chastening thought for those of us who "would rather like to do something somewhere if only we were not so busy," Elizabeth Fry managed her home ; entertained largely ; brought up eleven children ; started libraries for coastguardsmen ; initiated an institute and a pension scheme plus registry office for domestic servants ; organised the first visiting nurses for poor people, and established the home for nurses from which Florence Nightingale subsequently drew her Crimean nurses ; and was, withal, a gay and unruffled person.



*The Word behind the Deed*

"The visitor must go in the spirit, not of judgment, but of mercy. She must not say in her heart 'I am more holy than thou' but must rather keep in remembrance that *all* have sinned."



"I want to see more fruit of the Spirit in all things, more devotion, more real cultivation of mind, more enlargement of heart towards all ; more tenderness towards delinquents, and above all more of the rest, peace and liberty of the children of God."

*Elizabeth Fry.*

# HOW GREEN IS MY VALLEY

## *A Story of The Rhondda*

**A**MONG the most tragic stories of our muddled and selfish society is that of the collapse of the mining industry in the years after the last war. One after another great patches of hopeless poverty and unemployment spread over the coal districts of Britain, and neither the government nor business seemed able to do anything about it. The famous strike of 1926 was almost the culmination of a bad business : a fight between capital and labour on a sinking ship. After that the dreadful drift was accepted : mines closed ; wages were so low that even those who could get work lived on the verge of starvation ; the dole ran out for hundreds of thousands, and only poor law relief kept them alive. Among the worst places was the great Rhondda valley in South Wales, where practically every mine was closed down and the whole population slackened off into the abject misery of chronic unemployment.

Into this slough of despond a little group of people came with a passionate Christian love of their fellows and a Christian faith that they could do something for them. A dozen names might be quoted, chief of them William and Emma Noble, and that twentieth-century Franciscan, Rowntree Gillett.

These folk began by seeing that the first thing to do for the idle valley was to help it to help itself. They started literally from the ground upwards, by realising that practically everybody there had worn and broken boots ; and they knew that it was a more dignified thing to give them the opportunity to repair the old ones than to hand over a lot of new boots and shoes as "charity." So they raised a fund—largely from their own pockets—to provide the necessary leather, and started Boot Repairing Centres, voluntary affairs so far as the labour was concerned, which soon yielded amazing results. In a short time there were fifty-two of these Centres along the South

Wales coalfields, and sixty thousand pairs of boots and shoes had been repaired.

Rowntree Gillett saw the possibilities of this big idea in co-operative work for reviving the whole economic life of the valleys. He organised the funds for buying raw materials and tools. He had been a banker, partner in a rich banking house, until Christian doubts about the value of banking and its part in world affairs had caused him to walk out on his bank and devote himself to working socially—an act of faith and sacrifice typical of the man. Thus he had big business experience to put at the disposal of the scheme. He did more than this. He went from Centre to Centre in South Wales, often taking the essential heavy "bends" of leather with him, and tramping many miles although he was already turned fifty.

"The leather was no light weight, and sometimes the Centres were twenty miles apart. Rowntree Gillett started out, confident of getting a lift, and would stand and wait for a likely-looking car or lorry, and then raise his hand with a friendly confident smile. On his return to the little room in a miner's home in Ely Street, he would often have a story to tell of the man or woman who gave him the lift. Sometimes a special word of comfort or guidance had been needed and given. Sometimes his own need had been revealed and spoken to by the driver, and in his disarming childlike manner Rowntree Gillett would say: 'I was led to stop that car.'"

This first phase of the work for the miners led inevitably to bigger things. When the disastrous strike was over, and such mines as could possibly (that is to say, profitably) open were going again, there was still almost unbelievable unemployment and misery in the Rhondda. It had once grown rich—if hideous—on coal, and now coal had failed it. The people themselves saw no way out. Gillett and his friends planned to extend the idea of co-operative work and mutual help. Here were men wanting to work, yet needing the very things which work would bring them. There must be training, reconditioning of unemployed men, the provision of raw material and tools. Gillett and Emma Noble set out to look for a suitable house as a centre for the necessary activities. They found and rejected a small one, a medium-sized one; and finally they plunged upon the

biggish house of Maes-yr-Haf standing in its own green meadows near Porth.

"It looks good, but where shall we get the money to buy it?"

"If it is the right place money will come," replied Rowntree Gillett.

His guidance was always the practical sort, and always on the side of taking risks that were no risks to him because he believed God would justify them. "If it is right . . ." That was the formula.

Here in the Welsh venture faith triumphed. The money did come, and with it hope and a new life for thousands upon thousands of unemployed miners and their families. Maes-yr-Haf became the live centre for work in the once desolate mining valleys: centre for practical craft of the same help-yourself variety as the original boot-repairing scheme. Weaving and other handicrafts for crippled girls; sewing groups for women; tailoring; baking; carpentry for men; drama, music, literature; classes and study circles of every kind; choirs and lectures; and far out through the valleys of South Wales, through more than fifty Unemployed Clubs, a vast scheme of allotments for growing food, for which seeds and tools were at first provided.

So into the misery and desolation of the South Wales mining districts in their darkest days came hope, faith and love, because a tiny band of Christian men and women were true to their vision.



*The Word behind the Deed*

"Most people are merely spectators of life. They are content simply to pay the gate-money, and watch the game. Life to them is a spectacle: there is no passion to do, to be or to know."



"Life is not a series of gig lamps; it is a luminous halo."



"What is needed is the creative personality. There is only one solution to our problems. It is the power of personality: of right-thinking men and women."

*Rowntree Gillett.*

## HOUSES and PLAYGROUNDS

### *The Story of Octavia Hill*

**T**O-DAY we read too easily that some precious and lovely piece of England has been given over to The National Trust as a playground for ever for the people ; to-day we take it for granted that slums are wrong and that even the poorest people should have decent houses or flats to live in. Do we know anything of the woman who, above all others, started those two things ?

It was Octavia Hill.

Looking back over her life's work just before she died in 1912 Miss Hill said :

" I might have given it a few more touches, but I think it is all planned now very well."

" It " began in 1864 when Octavia, then a beautiful young woman, art teacher of twenty-six, working under Ruskin, persuaded him to buy three terribly bad cottages in a slum in Marylebone and let her try to manage them properly, make them good and collect the rents. It ended by her having more than 6000 tenement houses under her control, and working them all so that the thousands of poor people living in them had decent homes and decent lives.

The rooms and houses, however, were but the beginning of her concern. She soon found that in these crowded courts and alleys the children had nowhere to play, and she started buying (or rather raising funds to buy, for she never had any money of her own) open places as Playgrounds. She then realised that the adults, too, had need of what she called " Open-air Sitting-rooms," and she obtained more open spaces. The idea caught on. She agitated for the purchase of Parliament Hill Fields, and succeeded in getting this

lovely stretch of green for Londoners for ever. Her health under the strain of the vast job she had undertaken kept breaking down, and she would have to go off to get well in such places as the Lake District. The idea of the Playgrounds, the Open-air Sitting-rooms grew wider. She and the group she had gathered about her wanted these beauty-spots of England saved for the people of England. They started the Commons Preservation Society and the Kyrle Society, and these in turn produced the splendid work of The National Trust. All the time the work of turning slums into Housing Estates continued, and in the midst of it Octavia Hill started craft and other classes, choirs, institutes, reformed public houses and a dozen other things to give her folk interest and fun in their lives.

"I cannot tell you what my people are to me. We are such thorough friends."

Friends ! That was the secret of Octavia Hill's genius for property management. It was a new idea. The old one had been very different. Hear what her property surveyor said of one set of houses she was buying :

"It seems to me the houses are much out of repair, though considered by the landlord in excellent condition for the class of inmates."

And she herself wrote to Ruskin when he bought her a second group of six houses :

"They were inhabited by as desperate and forlorn a set of people as any I have seen, wild, ignorant, dirty and violent. worked on quite alone about it."

"Working on" probably meant that she personally called on these difficult folk, made suggestions how she might improve their homes, repaired and cleaned, put in decent sanitation, listened to their tales of poverty, helped them to get work and necessities, and incidentally collected the rents. It was essential to her scheme that they should play their part. She did not believe in being merely charitable. She really did not believe in charity at all, and a great phase of her work was in connection with the establishment of the Charity



Organisation Society which investigated every case before money or help was given. Miss Hill knew that the thing which truly helped the destitute and desperate was opportunity and hope. She insisted that the poor should be treated as responsible people, and she stood no nonsense from them. She paid them the compliment of never patronising them, and she insisted that they should stand on their own feet. Her work was to make it worth while for her tenants to do so.

For such principles she fought her lifelong battle against people who gave charity without thinking of its effect on the poor; against local and government authorities when they interfered in a soulless way with the work into which she was pouring her soul; against her own friends when they did things which conflicted with her scheme. At one time even Ruskin disagreed, but her integrity won him back. She knew that she was doing better by calling on Sarah Smith and arranging for her to have a new copper lid and then bullying her to get on with the washing than if she sent money from some comfortable distance.

"It is only when the detail is really managed on as great principles as the whole plan that a work becomes good," she wrote.

She may have learned that lesson as part of her art teaching from Ruskin (it sounds like him), but she applied it to her work. Little wonder that the work spread to Europe, till Berlin, Sweden, Russia, Holland, Italy copied what she had done in the poor districts of London. Her little book, *Homes of the London Poor*, became something of a classic.

Among the many funds started by her from time to time for special work, there is one little effort which tells us her secret. She collected seventy sums of eight shillings each to buy—seventy blue tiles to put up on the front of one of her properties. Each contained a letter, and when they were mounted they read :

"Every House is builded by some man ;  
But He that built all things is God."

That was the faith behind the works. The works themselves are explained by her remark :

“ We must remember that God has always been pleased to build His best bridges with human piers, not angels, nor working by miracles.”

Looking at that life we may well think that she herself was the miracle, and pause in praise and gratitude for the story of Octavia Hill.



*The Word behind the Deed*

“ What we most care to leave is not any tangible thing, but the quick eye to see, the true soul to measure, the large hope to grasp the mighty issues of the better days to come.”



“ A song of thankfulness seems to be singing on in my heart as I think of the many and great mercies which have been with us, of the joy which has been sent to us.”



“ Day by day strength has been given to follow the way, and light to see it, not far ahead, but sufficient for daily guidance.”



“ It is by small graciousnesses, by the thoroughness of the out-of-sight detail, that God will judge our spirit and our work.”

*Octavia Hill.*

# THE PRISONERS' FRIEND

*The Story of  
John Howard*

CHANCE may change the life of a man, the direction of his work, but if the will to serve is there it will only determine the particular form which the service takes. It was chance, a mere hazard of the interminable French wars, which in 1756 caused the Lisbon packet, *The Hanover*, to be attacked as she struggled towards the Bay of Biscay. It was both chance and the will to serve the needy which placed among the passengers a young man who was on his way to see whether he could help the sufferers from the terrible Lisbon earthquake of a few months earlier. Instead, he found himself the victim of that unequal sea-fight, and eventually a prisoner of war at Brest with the rest of the passengers and the crew.

He was only thirty, this John Howard of the parish of Hackney, but a great deal had been already crowded into that period, and he was a man of character. He was, for instance, a teetotaler in that age of hard drinking, and a vegetarian. An original creature. There had been a scheme to make him a grocer, but when his father had died, leaving him as a lad of seventeen comparatively wealthy, John had bought back his indentures and gone off on a long continental tour. At twenty-five he married, in a mood of gratitude, the landlady who had nursed him through a severe illness. She was more than twice his age, and after only three years she died. Then to the young widower came the call of the sufferers in Lisbon, the voyage, the fight, capture, and a French prison.

The privations of those months at Brest altered his life. He himself got back to England on parole, affected an exchange for a French prisoner, and characteristically set to work to free the others who had suffered with him. He succeeded. The man who was

to earn a world reputation as "The Prisoners' Friend" had taken his first step.

Back in England he bought a little estate in Bedfordshire, and married again. Amusingly he drew up a cautious document as the basis of that marriage which stipulated that : "to prevent altercations about those little matters which I have observed to be the chief grounds of uneasiness in families, I shall always decide." On his new property he built some model cottages, established elementary education, and started village industries. But his happiness was again short-lived, for in a few years his second wife also died in giving birth to his son.

In 1773 he was appointed Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and so the pointer of his life swung round again to the problem of prisoners. Conscientious creature that he was, he made an immediate tour of the prisons in his County, and the months of misery at Brest were remembered again. To-day we cannot conceive how desperate were the conditions that met the eyes of Howard as he went from jail to jail. Filth, overcrowding : young and old, hardened criminal and first offender, lunatic and persecuted divine, debtor and drunkard, thrust hurly-burly into the ill-lighted, fetid common rooms of the prisons ; jail fever and smallpox raging everywhere ; almost absolute penury and debasing idleness. One of the worst features of the vicious system was that the jailers had to live entirely on the prisoners, and even when men and women were ultimately tried and proved to be innocent, they could not leave the prison unless they could afford to pay the turnkey's fee.

Horried at what he saw, Howard made the revolutionary proposal that the County should pay the jailers definite salaries. At least that would ensure that a prisoner due to leave or proved innocent, could be released. The good justices of Bedford retorted by asking Howard to find a precedent for so drastic a change, and he began the search for one. He toured the neighbouring counties ; he travelled all over England ; he visited hundreds of jails, houses of correction, bridewells. Everywhere appalling conditions prevailed. But there was no precedent for his idea. Is it not part of the genius of reform to create precedents ? Howard tried a new direction. He begged to present his case to the House of Commons, and when he told them what he had seen, he was called to the Bar.

of the House and thanked for his "Humanity and zeal." The result was excellent, for two Bills were passed, one giving jailers salaries and abolishing prisoners' fees, the other dealing with prison sanitation. Howard paid to have the new laws printed, and sent copies to every jail in the country. But the Acts were often evaded, as such reforms frequently were.

He took upon himself the task of visiting jails to try to enforce observance. England, Ireland, Scotland: hundreds of difficult miles he travelled. Then abroad, notebook in hand, to observe conditions there. When they refused him access, as they did at Toulon, he disguised himself as a man of fashion, and so got through. Sometimes, as in Holland, he found systems better than our own, and noted them down.

In 1777 he published his book, *The State of Prisons*. In these days we should call it a documentary, its pages were a terrible revelation of sheer facts put down in all the power of naked simplicity. As a result of the sensation which it caused, Parliament sanctioned the building of two model prisons, Howard with two others being appointed to carry out the experiment. He urged, among other reforms, for some definite work to be given to prisoners, and for separate cells.

Then again, he took up his task of inspection. Denmark, Holland, Sweden, England again, Ireland, Spain, Portugal. He called himself:

"The plodder who goes about to collect material for men of genius to make use of."

Now and again he published a further *Appendix* to his great book. In 1785 he turned his attention to the so-called *Lazarettos*, the places of detention for disease and quarantine. Once, at Constantinople, he deliberately embarked on a ship with a bad bill of health so as to experience the exact conditions of detention in quarantine, and when they arrived in Venice he was kept in the lazaretto for forty-two days. Out of such experience came his second book: *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe*. Almost immediately he set off again, this time to Holland, Germany, the Baltic and Russia. He was now well turned sixty, and the result was inevitable. In a military camp in Southern Russia to which he had gone to investigate the plight of sick soldiers, he himself was smitten by camp fever and

died. So, in a walled field in remote Stepanovka John Howard ended his journeys for those in prisons. Notebook in hand he had travelled more than 50,000 miles ; he had spent over £30,000 of his own money, refusing all government assistance ; he had stirred the conscience of Europe by his coldly exact statements of the truth, and out of that lifetime of devotion all modern prison reform was born.



*The Word behind the Deed*

"The way to heaven from Cairo is as near as from London."



"Let not my conduct be imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty ; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of greater usefulness to my fellow-creatures."



"It is well ; whatever pleases God, pleases me."

*John Howard.*

# KAGAWA, THE DANGEROUS THINKER

## *The Story of Toyohiko Kagawa*

SOMEWHERE in Japan—probably in prison, but perhaps doing humanitarian service as a government official—is Toyohiko Kagawa. If he is in prison the charge against him will be that curious Japanese one of “dangerous thinking,” and in his case it is so true that he would probably be in a prison cell in almost any country in the world to-day. For Kagawa’s thought is more dangerous, more destructive, than 8000-lb. bombs.

Kagawa is fifty-five, small, consumptive, nearly blind ; but he is the greatest spiritual force in the Far Eastern world. Among the common people of Japan he is almost worshipped ; by the government, the militarists, the nationalists, the capitalists, he is feared, reviled, persecuted, and—called upon to save desperate situations.

In 1923, for example, Japan suffered one of the greatest earthquake disasters in history. Tokio, Yokohama, were reduced to smoking ruins. Millions were rendered homeless ; famine, disease, anarchy threatened. The government were at their wits’ end. They realised that there was one man in Japan who could effectively take over the organisation of relief, food distribution, the arrangement of shelter, the restoration of order. That man was in prison. He had organised the great non-violent strike in the dockyards, and, even though the strike had obtained for the workers the rights and concessions demanded, the Leader was charged and imprisoned. In their hour of need they released Kagawa. He came to the ruined city. He was received like a conqueror. The common people for whom he was suffering lined the way. The government offered him a huge salary, a car, everything he commanded. He refused.

“To work with the poor I must be poor,” he said.

So in his own way, gathering eighty students around him as helpers, the ex-convict performed this miracle of reconstruction.

His whole life has been like that. Kagawa the Fearless, they call him, but his secret is deeper than fearlessness. It is Love.

His life story is an incredible romance.

His father died when he was four, and although he was officially a samurai, the headman of nearly twenty villages, his childhood in the hands of a grandmother and a stepmother who hated him was one of ill-treatment and misery. At eleven he was adopted by a rich uncle to be trained for his high place in life. But the unhappiness of his former home was only changed for the greater misery of a boarding school. One important thing happened. Wishing to learn English he came into contact with Dr. Henry Myers and his wife. They befriended the lad. They had him to their home. They opened to him not only the door of language, but that of Christianity.

Young Kagawa became a Christian. He did a rarer thing: he began to practise Christianity.

"You must learn how to *live*, just as you learn painting or carpentry," Dr. Myers had said.

When he decided to learn Christian living it was no half-hearted affair of *ifs* and *buts*. He literally gave away all that he had; literally turned the other cheek; literally loved his neighbour as himself. He took a starving cat into his school dormitory, then a lame dog, then an old beggar. The other boys bullied him; he refused to retaliate. His uncle, furious at the way affairs were going, turned him adrift.

The Myers got him a place in the Presbyterian College at Tokio, and Kagawa, now seventeen, continued his Franciscan way. At the College Literary Society he denounced wealth and possessions; and when the Russo-Japanese war broke out he denounced that. The students, though they were Presbyterians, were even more passionate patriots, and they waylaid him and beat him up. He regularly gave away his food and clothes to those in need. At last he was expelled. He fell ill of consumption and went away to a little fishing village to die.

What happened there should be read in his book, *Across the Death Line*. For one day a boat was wrecked on the coast. Kagawa summoned the last ounce of his strength to aid in the rescue, and with that effort he determined to live. To live; but for others.

When he was twenty-one he gave himself the present of a "house" in Shinkawa, the worst slum in Tokio. It consisted of a hut, six feet



by six, with one side open for door and window. The poorest, the most degraded, were his neighbours. He received twenty-two shillings per month from the Training College, and he added almost as much again cleaning chimneys. He shared it with those even poorer than himself. One, two, three, even four beggars slept in the hut with him, and it was from one of these he caught the dread eye disease. One poor wretch who suffered from awful nightmares could only be kept quiet if somebody held his hand at night: for more than four years Kagawa held his hand. Local gangsters robbed him with violence, they tried to stop him preaching, they knocked his teeth out, once they burned down the shack. Then they accepted him and embarrassed him even more by their "protection."

The tide strangely turned. The editor of a paper, *Reconstruction*, asked Kagawa to show him round Shinkawa, and as he heard the record of that worst underworld in any city, he offered £250 for the stories. Kagawa took up his pen for fallen and beaten humanity. In a year or two he earned over £20,000, but he gave it all away. This best-seller author always dressed in a labourer's suit costing seven shillings and sixpence. One luxury he permitted himself: in 1914 he married Haru (Spring) and he found a mate who shared alike his self-imposed poverty, his work and his philosophy. If he founded the vast Credit Co-operative with its plan of loaning small sums free of interest to help poor people start toy-craft and other industries, his wife started the Kobe Wide-Awake Women's Society with its membership of women pledged to serve their fellows. If he initiated the Japanese Organisation of Labour, the Dockworkers' Union, if he organised nation-wide strikes conducted on non-violent principles, if he started the National Anti-War League of Japan, Haru inaugurated day nurseries for children. Side by side they fight for the people; side by side they preach and live Christianity. This sick, half-blind, voluntarily poor man is not only a practising Christian but an amazing organiser with an enormous following. So when the earthquake came, the government called him from his convict's cell; when the world economic slump plunged Japan into the misery of appalling unemployment, they invited him to be Chief of the Social Welfare.

To-day he may be in prison again: Kagawa the dangerous thinker, Kagawa the fearless, Kagawa the Christian who dares to follow his Master. To-morrow . . . ?

*The Word behind the Deed*

"It is not necessary to go far afield in search of miracles. I am myself a miracle. My physical birth and my soul's existence are miracles. The greatest miracle of all is the reality of my soul."



"To those who know God pain is the supremest art. In order to enrich the stuff of our lives God has sown the earth with the seed of tears."



"I am fond of men. The worst, most fear-inspiring demonized murderer somewhere in his make-up has that which is irresistible."



"Some people say that social and religious movements are two different things. If religion is the whole life in action how can social movements exist apart from religion? Until even the Stock Exchange is filled to saturation with God there is little hope for genuine religion."



"The religion of imposing edifices is a heart-breaking affair. A religion which builds men rather than temples is much to be preferred.

"True religion must invade the bedroom, the study, the street, the factory, invention, our outings, our toil, our recreations, our meals, yea, even our sleep."



"Those who thwart movements which spring from conscience are always the hangers-on of authority and of moneyed might. Christ was slain on the cross as a son of revolt. Socrates was handed the cup of hemlock on the ground that he was an anti-nationalist.

"Truth must not fear a revolt against hypocrisy. It is hypocrisy not truth which destroys a nation. Out of the chaos caused by truth there always springs a new order for coming generations."

*"Meditations" by Kagawa.*

# LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS .

## *The Story of Helen Keller*

ONE of the most fascinating stories of human effort and courage is that of Helen Keller. Blind, deaf and therefore normally unable to speak, she has built out of what might have been the ruins of her life a career of such beauty that the whole world looks on marvelling. And she has consecrated the life thus bravely salvaged to the unending service of those afflicted as she was.

Helen Keller was a tiny child of but eighteen months old when a serious illness left her totally blind and deaf. Her parents were not poor, but there seemed little to do for the child, and until she was seven nothing was done. Then one day a teacher came, a twenty-year-old graduate from the Institute in America which was working for the education of the blind. Her name was Anne Sullivan, and maybe she is the real heroine of this story, for with immediate whole-hearted devotion she took the wayward, wilful child into her care and for fifty years was her teacher and friend.

For a time Miss Sullivan beat in vain against the barriers which allowed neither sight nor sound to get through to Helen's mind, but there came a dramatic moment when by trickling water on the child's wrist, giving it to her to drink, and spelling the word out into her hand, it dawned on her that W A T E R was a name for this thing. Letters made names, things have names : in a frenzy of discovery she began to learn. The barriers were down. In 1887, when this occurred, the teaching and training of the blind was in its infancy, and the deaf-blind were still classified legally with idiots, so hopeless was their lot.

From that day Helen Keller, with Anne Sullivan's aid, challenged her fate. She would do everything which people with their normal senses could do. The story of her working through an ordinary

college, Miss Sullivan having to spell out the lectures into her hand, and the examination having to be written by her on a typewriter ; the enormous labour entailed as she learned Latin, Greek, German and French in languages, as well as the usual wide study of an ordinary college course : all this makes heroic reading.

Even when she was thus fighting her way through Radcliffe College to the triumph of a degree obtained in open competition with the normal students, she was concerned with schemes for organising teaching and training for other blind and deaf-blind children.

"How passionately I desire that all who are afflicted like myself shall receive their inheritance of thought, knowledge, love,"

she wrote. When she emerged from her college career with a high degree, almost her first thought was how can she use this education for the good of others.

In 1903, as she said, "The curtain rose on my life-work," for a Woman's Educational and Industrial Union was formed to protect the welfare of the blind, and Helen Keller threw herself into the work. With characteristic determination she decided to learn to speak in public. It was a Herculean task, for the only method was by feeling the vibration of her teacher's throat and lips and imitating these in order to produce the right sounds. She tells of the terrifying occasion when first she dared to make a public speech, and her knowledge that despite her efforts she failed miserably. It was a terrible blow, that fiasco ; but being Helen Keller she tried again and again until she did succeed. Since that she has lectured on behalf of the blind all over America and throughout Europe. In English, German, French and Italian this once dumb woman has charmed audiences by her power and her personality. She has given evidence before Commissions, worked on committees, interviewed and been interviewed. At times her campaigns have proved overwhelming, as when at St. Louis Exposition she spoke to five thousand delegates, and with American enthusiasm they tore the flowers from her hat and pieces from her dress as souvenirs, until soldiers had to be called out to protect her.

Alongside the speaking she was continually writing. Articles

first ; then her books : *The World I Live in* ; *The Song of the Stone Wall* ; an autobiography ; *Out of the Dark*, which tells how she became a socialist ; and not least, *My Religion*, that proud telling of the significance which the teachings of Immanuel Swedenborg have had in her life.

The autobiography has a wonderful tale to tell. There has been every kind of difficulty : physical, emotional, economic. If she had been content to exploit her own personality as a kind of wonder-woman she could have been rich ; but when editors, publishers and lecture agents demanded personal stuff she has often insisted on giving matter on the problems and needs of the blind, or about social conditions generally under the urge of her socialism, or the religion which meant so much to her. So for many years she and Anne Sullivan had to run their house without a servant, cleaning and marketing and cooking as well as writing, lecturing and dealing with correspondence from all over the world. At one time they had to sell the house and start afresh, because they could not afford to keep it.

Anne Sullivan is now dead, and Helen Keller a woman of turned sixty, but still she works on her self-appointed life-task of improving the lot of the blind. When she began, this work was in its own beginnings : five separate systems of writing for the blind were in killing competition, there was little education, no organisation of home workers or scheme for marketing their products, no preventive work. Largely because of her work and example all this has been put right. Once she said : " It is not possible for civilisation to flow backwards while there is youth in the world." Nor is it possible while such faith and courage as hers can overcome all obstacles in bringing light out of darkness.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

" Here in the midst of the everyday air I sense the rush of eternal rains. I am conscious of the splendour that binds all things of earth to all things of heaven. Immured in silence and darkness I possess the light which shall give me vision a thousandfold when death sets me free."

*Helen Keller.*

# HE GAVE US LIDOS

## *The Story of George Lansbury*

**T**HE scene is a window in Bow, overlooking the Great Eastern Railway. A group of children and their mother crowd round it—"there were so many of us that I, being one of the youngest, had to make do with the reports of the elder ones who monopolised the best positions," writes one of them in later life. A train approaches and thunders past, handkerchiefs are waved, young voices shout, and from one of the carriages "Father" leans from the window and waves a large red flag.

"Father" was George Lansbury on his way at the week-end to preach the socialism in which he so firmly believed. What his fellow passengers thought of this eccentric behaviour remains unrecorded, but throughout more than eighty years of strenuous life George Lansbury did exactly what he felt was right and remained unworried by what other people thought.

And now another scene: nearly fifty years afterwards, the House of Commons in September, 1931. A government is falling in a national economic crisis. George Lansbury is an honoured member of the cabinet of that government. The choice is before each man in it: to abandon principles and remain in office, or to abandon office. George Lansbury makes a speech in which each sentence cuts like a whip lash. He turns his back on £2000 a year and "a job I liked very much."

"There are two phases of life," he says. "There are the givers and the takers. For my sins I have been on the side of those who believe that the law of life for individuals and for States is not what they get, but what they give, and the test of Christianity and British civilisation is: Can you apply and will you apply the principle of brotherhood? If you believe in the true doctrine of the Founder of our faith then you must

say : if there is a crisis and a need then all of us will come down together and share whatever there is to share with one another."

When he thus sacrificed everything for a principle in which he believed, it was the loss of the opportunity to work for the common people which most distressed him. Money, honours, positions : these things never had meant anything to him. Always he chose to live in a little house in Bow among the working folk he loved. He refused the gift of a car to carry him to and from Westminster, saying that if he did not ride in tubes and buses casual people could not tell him their needs and grievances.

As a guardian of the poor in Poplar he raised the famous revolt of "Poplarism," refusing to pay Poplar's quota to the L.C.C. and other central bodies at the expense of the local poor. With his fellow guardians, including his son Edgar, he went to prison in order to challenge the scandal of the poverty-stricken London boroughs having to maintain their own enormous number of poor while the rich West End boroughs had practically none to provide for. The campaign for equalising this unjust state of things had gone on for thirty years ; the action of Lansbury and his fellow guardians brought it to a crisis, and in six weeks the wrong was righted and they were released.

Because Lansbury always declared that he acted on basic Christian principles, and because he was an emotional speaker, there was a tendency, even among his own friends and supporters, to think of him as a sentimentalist. In fact he was ; but he got things done. For years he edited and carried on the first daily labour newspaper in England, in days when every issue looked as though it might be the last, so poor was the financial backing. He carried it to success, and he earned it the name of "the incorruptible" because under his editorship nothing could make it swerve from its principles.

When the party which he had so tirelessly served for more than half a century came into power, George Lansbury was given the post of Commissioner of Works. He was a man of over seventy. He had had to earn his living since, a child of eleven, he had left the school in Whitechapel, with one class in each corner of the room and one in the middle, to take a job unloading coal ; he had married at twenty-one and brought up a big family, knowing periods of extreme poverty ;

he had given up every spare hour to preaching socialism or to such activities as taking a Sunday-school class ; he had championed the cause of Votes for Women when it was most unpopular and had lost his seat in Parliament for ten years because of it ; he had slaved in political work as guardian and borough councillor and finally as member of parliament.

As Minister of Works he was a tremendous success. Here was a chance to give to his friends, the ordinary working folk, the fun and joy which they deserved. Under his administration the Lidos were built in the public parks ; bands played ; paddling pools and safe boating lakes were made for the children, running tracks and outdoor gymnasia for youth. "Lansbury's London Lidos" as a model for the country became famous. Somebody christened him "His Majesty's First Commissioner of Good Works." When he could not get funds from Government he shocked his socialist friends by appealing to rich people to subscribe. And they did, as he knew they would ; for Lansbury's idea of brotherhood included the rich and had no class hatred in it, although he was praising Bolshevism when everybody else feared it, and indeed had been the first newsman to send a long message out of Russia itself. His idea of serving the poor was to give them joy and happiness. Let the people sing, swim, sunbathe, enjoy themselves in the open air of the parks as millionaires did at the original Lido near Venice.

His reward was the love of his fellows. Even the political opponents whom he castigated so strongly in his speeches and writings respected and loved him. The people of Bow almost worshipped him : to them he was "George," to be met having his daily shave in the barber's shop at the corner, or riding on an L.C.C. tram-car to a Cabinet Meeting. To everybody he was the politician whose honesty was above suspicion.

"None of us will get rich," he said. "When I die I shall leave no property, no money, but we shall be able to say that together with thousands of other men and women we have striven to lift up the poor and oppressed and to bring help to those in need."

It is a fitting epitaph for this man whose monument is the happiness in other people's lives, and whose own joy was found in ceaseless service.



# LIVINGSTONE, THE PATH-CLEARER

## *The Story of David Livingstone*

**A**MONG those who have done great things for humankind how many have found themselves pursuing paths they little dreamed of at the beginning, lured along them by some deep need which has stirred their spirits. Did young David Livingstone foresee that he would become one of the world's greatest explorers? He had other dreams even as a child of ten years old, already at work in a cotton mill with a book propped up before him while he worked. Other dreams when, after working fourteen hours a day, he went off to night school. Other visions when at sixteen he managed to free himself from the grind of earning his living for just one term in the year at Glasgow University. But the urge was crystallising now: Africa, the Dark Continent. Still it was not exploration that called, but the need of teeming millions for some kind of help that Livingstone felt he could give as a medical missionary.

Africa was indeed the Dark Continent in those days, for although Europeans had touched the coasts the whole vast interior was unknown. Three great rivers, The Nile, the Zambesi, the Congo, poured out of that primeval darkness, but no white man had ever discovered their origin. Out of that darkness, too, poured that terrible stream of human misery, the slaves which Arab and Portuguese traders secured: men, women and children whose freedom had been bartered for a few bright beads or other trifle in this merciless "Trade."

So it turned out that when at last this boy from the cotton mill had prepared himself and went to Africa planning to settle down at some mission station and devote himself to bringing healing to the local natives, he found a problem and a work infinitely greater. David Livingstone realised that if anything were to be done for the Africans the slave trade must be stopped. Two facts offered hope

and pointed a way. One was that Britain had already forbidden slavery under the Union Jack; the other that if true commerce could be started this iniquitous barter might cease. So the vision became clear. Somebody must clear wide paths of civilisation through the Dark Continent, and the way must be made for the protective flag and for fair trade. Trade and the flag were no symbols of money or narrow patriotism to Livingstone; they were the means of salvation for millions upon millions of human beings.

The millboy-turned-missionary moved into a new sphere. He became the greatest explorer in Africa. He penetrated the unknown. Year after year he went farther into that heart of darkness. "The Dew-dispeller" the Africans called him, token of the man who walks first through the wet grasses taking the dew upon himself and leaving a path for others to follow. And "Father David" they called him in tender recognition of his loving personality.

The dangers and difficulties, the threat and miseries of those journeys were scarcely believable. The slave-traders were his implacable enemies; the natives themselves, especially the Chiefs who were getting the miserable "profits" of selling their subjects, were often hostile; there were wild beasts; leeches that clung in swarms on the intrepid party; the dreaded tsetse fly, bringer of sleeping sickness to beast and man; not least Nature itself—the stifling humid darkness of the jungle, the malarial swamps, the crocodile-infested rivers.

How different it all was from the picture he had conjured of work at some established mission station. Yet Livingstone never faltered. The paths must be opened. East, West, North, South, he blazed the trail, establishing the flag which he believed would spell freedom and justice. Wherever he went he carried his healing, and his gospel story of love between man and man which could not countenance slavery, brutality or exploitation. Then he moved on into darkness and danger again, until the name and deeds of David Livingstone became a legend throughout the land.

Once in the very heart of Africa he found a mighty river. It was flowing eastward; and Livingstone, working up along it, eventually left it and cut his path to the settlements of the west coast. Surely that mass of water would carve the path he sought from West to East. He suspected already that it was the Zambesi

which hitherto had been thought to rise in the mountains near the east coast. He was desperately ill, but as soon as he recovered he turned back into the interior to contact that stream again so as to explore it down to its mouth.

One day as he travelled along it he became aware of a far thunder of sound. Day after day as his party pressed forward mile by slow mile the noise increased; and then the mystery was explained: the vast volume of waters, here over a mile wide, plunged 400 feet over a precipice. Livingstone had discovered the greatest waterfall in the world. He named it after Victoria, the "Great White Queen" whose law of justice he had expounded to the Africans. Finishing that journey down the Zambesi he made the East-West route.

Twice he came back to England, where now he was universally acclaimed, and twice he went back to Africa to pursue this life-work.

"I go back," he said, "to try to make an open path for Christianity and commerce. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it to you."

It was a prophetic utterance. Soon he was utterly lost in that vast unknown interior. No news came. Stanley, the young American, brave as Livingstone himself, plunged into the darkness and silence after him, followed the rumour of his passage, and found him at last almost dead, for supplies had failed to reach him.

"Mr. Livingstone, I believe."

The almost comic politeness of that greeting between the two explorers has passed into legend, but its drollery must not be allowed to hide the thrilling drama of the occasion, or the heroism of both searcher and sought. For Livingstone did not return. For one year more he cut his paths of enlightenment through the darkness, and then one morning his servants found him kneeling by his camp bedside. His last words had been those of prayer, and David Livingstone's own part in the work of saving Africa was finished.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"People talk about the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in the consciousness of doing good?"

*David Livingstone.*

# HUMANITY MARTIN .

## *Pioneer in the Fight for Animal Welfare*

*"If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go  
Would I beat him? No. NO. NO!  
I'd put him in a stable and give him some corn  
As the best little donkey that ever was born."*

SOME of us remember the old singing rhyme, but how many of us know that it was one of the sarcastic street songs which greeted the first attempt to make a law in Parliament to protect animals? How many of us have heard of that witty, ferocious Irishman who came to be called "Humanity Martin"? Happily to-day—although much still remains to be done—we take it for granted that animals should be well treated. But things were far different just over one hundred years ago when Richard Martin started his campaign which made him the butt of the ridicule of his time. Even Dickens, that kindest-hearted of men, thought it rather absurd to pass laws about animals. For years the House of Commons, and more particularly the House of Lords, felt it beneath their dignity. Only Richard Martin's faith and persistence won the day, and made law of the Bill which was always called "Martin's Act."

He was an Irishman, son of a big landowner at Connemara; but the vast estate of 200,000 acres was a treeless, bare expanse which brought practically no income, and when Richard inherited it he found he had acquired chiefly debts and responsibilities. Not least of these was that of looking after a number of people to whom he himself had promised pensions, an undertaking that cost him about £800 a year. The fact takes the sting out of the charge which Dickens made:

"It is a pity he could not exchange a little of his excessive tenderness for animals for some common sense and consideration for human beings."

Richard Martin's self-appointed task, however, was with the animals. He looked at a Britain given over to the utmost brutality. We can hardly credit that not till 1835 was bull-baiting—that awful “sport” of tying a bull to a post and setting fierce dogs to fight it—made illegal. Still less can we believe that when an attempt was made to stop this practice Canning, shortly to be Prime Minister, argued that it was

“an excellent amusement which inspires courage and produces a nobleness of sentiment and mind.”

Other methods of producing this nobleness were cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear-baiting, and such delights as cock-throwing, which consisted in tying a fowl to a post and throwing sticks at it. Or, if you were so minded, you could go to the Westminster Pit and see Jacco, the Fighting Monkey, matched against particularly vicious dogs. Or in Clerkenwell you could see

“a mad bull, dressed up with fireworks, turned loose ; likewise a dog dressed up with fireworks ; also a bear turned loose.

N.B.—a cat to be tied to the bull's tail.”

These things were not rare. They were advertised in every town, almost every village ; and crowds of all classes paid to see them.

It was that state of affairs which Martin challenged ; that and the awful treatment of horses which naturally went with it. As a Member of Parliament he introduced a “Bill to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle.” That was in 1821.

The reception of that Bill makes curious reading. Somebody sarcastically suggested that not only horses and cattle should be protected but asses. Whereupon the House screamed with laughter ; and when Martin treated the proposal seriously, and went on to say that in fact asses *should* receive protection, the laughter was so loud that *The Times* reporter could not hear what was said. Amid this mirth somebody wittily suggested that dogs should be added, and another capped this sally by suggesting cats. Irony so brilliant was too much for any Bill, and with tears of laughter running down their faces the legislators defeated Martin's first attempt.

Martin was not the kind of man to accept defeat. He gave his estates over to his son, the better to devote himself to his task, and

the next session saw him back in the House with another Bill. This time the derision spread to the press and the streets. Cartoons, lampoons, verses appeared in the papers or sold at the gutter ; and the street urchins yelled :

" *If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go . . .* "

Perhaps the only thing which limited attacks on Martin was his reputation as a duellist which had earned him the title of " Hair-trigger Dick " in Ireland long before King George the Fourth, who was his friend, christened him " Humanity Martin." Nevertheless, letters arrived threatening him with " a dog's death " if he persisted, for the wretches who made money from all this terrible cruelty saw that this Irishman was not going to be turned aside. Nor was he. In 1822 his Bill became law. For the first time in England—for the first time, indeed, in any country in the world—the law protected animals against the cruelty of man.

It might easily have ended there, and the new law might have become a dead letter as so many reforms did, if Richard Martin had rested on his success. But immediately it became law he went into the streets and markets and took action against offenders. His first case was from Smithfield Horse Market, and he brought two men before the magistrates for beating horses in order that they might appear high-spirited and so command a good price. With the new power of his own Act behind him Martin won his cases and the men were fined.

From that time forward he ceaselessly pursued his purpose. There are many tales of his conduct of these cases : amusing tales often, for he was an irascible old gentleman. Once, for instance, the man he was charging wept loudly in court. Martin shouted at him to " stop that bellowing ! " " It's the poor horse that should cry, not you," he said. Then, when he had won his case, he paid the man's fine. Another time he saw a man beating a cab horse, so he hired the cab, drove the horse himself to prove that it did not need whipping, and having thus provided the evidence and the moral, he took the man to court.

As the work of putting the Act into force meant so much, he employed another man to watch for and investigate reports of cruelty—the first paid inspector for the prevention of cruelty to

animals. Two years later, with Arthur Broome, to whom he assigned the honour, he gathered together a group of humanitarians at a meeting in a Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formed. For one hundred and fifteen years that splendid society has continued to work along Martin's lines.

Richard Martin, realising the furious prejudice against himself in the House of Commons, urged that others should introduce future measures. One after another those measures were drawn up: a bill to protect worn-out horses in the knackers' yards; bills to stop all manner of animal shows and combats; bills to prevent some of the worst horrors of hunting; the first bill against the vivisection of animals for scientific purposes. In the report of this we read characteristically of Martin:

"The House manifesting some signs of impatience, the Hon. Member exalted his voice."

Sometimes the measures were successful, sometimes not. No efforts to protect dogs were successful in those early days. With cats they were regarded as being, in Peel's phrase: "Below the dignity of the House."

A year or two after his first great victory the reformer, an old man of over seventy, left the House whose dignity he had thus challenged and went to live abroad. But the work he had started in the world has never faltered, and though the name of Richard Martin is not so well known as it should be, surely Thomas Hood was right when he wrote:

"Thou Wilberforce of Hacks . . .  
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns;  
But oxen from the fen,  
Sheep in their pens,  
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns."

## THE CALL COMES

### *The Story of Fridtjof Nansen*

*"We all have a Land of Beyond to seek in life—what more can we ask? Our part is to find the trail that leads to it. A long trail, a hard trail maybe; but the call comes and we have to go."*

THE words are from an address given to the students of St. Andrews University, an address on "Adventure" by Fridtjof Nansen: Nansen the man who first crossed the frozen wastes of Greenland; Nansen of the *Fram*, who came so near to being the discoverer of the North Pole; Nansen the writer of *Farthest North*. But it was not his genius as arctic explorer and scientist—marvellous though that was—which proved to be his greatest service to his fellows. Rather was it the work which he turned aside to do, the work of mercy and help to the stricken world after the last war.

"The call comes and we have to go."

Nansen was only nineteen when he first went to Greenland; he was thirty-four when he made his dash for the Pole; and on his return to Norway the following year, after his dramatic rescue by another expedition, he received a tremendous ovation, world fame and honour. He was made a Professor of Zoology at Oslo University and appeared to settle down to a life of scientific research and writing. But Norway, his country, had need of other service. There was a threat of war between Norway and Sweden; and Nansen, to whom the idea of war was an outrage, left his desk and his laboratory and threw himself into the task of saving a desperate situation. He succeeded, only to find that he must needs continue to serve his country as her ambassador in London. Again, after three years, he escaped back to his own special work; and again had to leave it when the



1914-18 war broke out. For although Norway was neutral she was threatened with terrible food shortage owing to the blockade, and it was Nansen who went to America to arrange for food supplies to be sent. His successful organisation of that relief to his own country was the pointer to the greatest thing in his career, for with the coming of the uneasy peace of 1918 Nansen's gifts of organisation and diplomacy, his reputation as a wise man and a good, and the sympathy of his own great spirit for suffering humanity took him to Geneva to help in the task of reconstruction. In those days the eyes of the world were turned in hope to Geneva. The most far-seeing men and women were gathered there. The League of Nations was just forming, and Nansen placed himself at their service.

One immediate work was that of getting prisoners of war back to their homes. Half-a-million of them, of various nationalities, were in hopeless exile in the countries of Europe. Nansen was persuaded to undertake the vast task of their repatriation. Practically no ships were available, very little money, almost no help from governments. Nansen alone, the man everybody trusted, was able to bring order into this chaos. In six months he had restored 200,000 men to their own countries and their families; within another year he had succeeded with 400,000. It was the kind of work he loved, for it spelled human happiness, unity and fresh hope for men who had been in despair.

Another call to service came. Russia. The newly-born Soviet Union was fighting for her life. Enemies from every side were invading her territory, and, far more terrible, the harvests of the Ukraine had failed and there was one of the most appalling famines ravaging the people. Nansen was no politician in the face of human need. Red or White meant nothing to him. He knew only that thirty million people in Southern Russia were on the brink of starvation while wheat was rotting in the fields of the United States of America and being burned as fuel in the Argentine because of bumper harvests. He knew that ships were lying idle and men were unemployed in the chaos of the first wave of after-war depression. Surely with a little organisation of transport the people who needed it could be fed.

In August of 1921 he went to Russia. What he saw there and what he learned sent him dashing back to the League of Nations with an appeal for immediate help. He told his grim story: everything

which could be eaten had gone—cattle, horses, dogs, cats, rats ; the thatch from the house-roofs had been ground down to a powder, mixed with weeds, and used for food ; literally millions of people had wandered away from their homes in a hopeless search for food ; out of every ten children born, eight died ; typhus was raging, and in three years ten million had died from it ; cannibalism was an accepted fact in the last desperate madness for food of some kind.

It is one of the dreadful shames of the world that the great powers at the League, in their fear of Bolshevism, refused Nansen's appeal. With characteristic determination and energy he decided to raise funds and organise the relief himself. He turned from the politicians and officials to the common people of Europe and America. Armed with photographs of what he had seen in Russia and full of a burning purpose Nansen went the length and breadth of Europe, lecturing, organising meetings, collecting funds. In America his friend Hoover inaugurated the work. Out in Russia itself Nansen set up schemes of transport which would guarantee that the food went to the children and to the women, the most needy. The long delay at Geneva had added the horrors of the Russian winter to his problems, but the work went on. Not the least difficulty was that of organising distribution in a country where transport was so hopelessly disorganised. But Nansen overcame. Everybody in Europe trusted this man whose record raised him above the suspicions of the politicians. The Nansen-Hoover organisation went on saving millions of lives, across the barriers of civil war and revolution and counter-revolution, till the harvests from seed which they supplied matured and the situation was saved. In a moment of humanity's dire need a great man had answered the call.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"We must hoist our banner in all countries, must encircle the world with a chain of brotherhood. The Governments must join hands with us ; all must stand shoulder to shoulder, not in battle array, but in honest labour for the New Era."

*Fridtjof Nansen.*

# THE LADY WITH A PURPOSE

## *The Story of Florence Nightingale*

*" The wounded from the battle-plain  
In dreary hospitals of pain  
The cheerless corridors  
The cold and stony floors.*

*Lo ! in that house of misery  
A Lady with a Lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.*

*And slow as in a dream of bliss  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls."*

LONGFELLOW'S poem crystallises the almost legendary story of Florence Nightingale and her marvellous work of nursing in the Crimea. That story is part of the annals of service to mankind: the angel of mercy whose mere presence brought happiness to scores of thousands of stricken men; the light carried through the pain-tortured hours of the night by this tireless woman whose self-imposed task knew no respite; the soldiers kissing her shadow as she passed. "The Lady with the Lamp." A wonderful story: so beautiful that it is almost sentimental. But only sentimental if we fail to recognise all the effort that lies behind it—a new revelation that came with the publication of Sir Edward Cook's *Life of Florence Nightingale*. There we see the powerful background which makes her not only The Lady with a Lamp, but The Lady with a Purpose. It was of Florence Nightingale that somebody said: "Blessed are the masterful, for they shall obtain mastery"; and she herself, in a rare mood of passing self-rebuke, confessed: "O Lord, even now I am trying to

snatch the management of Thy world out of Thy hands." We admire her the more when we learn that while the soldiers blessed her and called her "The Lady with the Lamp," the authorities with whom she tussled for her right to do the work christened her, "Flo. the devil."

In truth she fought a battle for woman's right to work in the world alongside men, and she won it against every possible prejudice and stupidity. Her all-too-respectable friends, her wealthy family, were horrified at her ideas. Until she was turned thirty she accepted her fate of "dangling about mother's drawing-room," as she says in her diary. She tells us that she was so bored that she used to stay in bed till nearly noon to help pass the days somehow. She read and read, but could find no outlet for a mind which both in scholarship and in practical affairs could match the most brilliant intellects of her time. Clever men who met her at her mother's dinner-table were confounded by this unused knowledge of the unhappy, frustrated girl. On a long holiday in Germany she secretly trained as a nurse, and so deliberately set the course of her life.

Then, in 1854, stung to action by the monstrous mismanagement of the hospitals in the Crimea, she made the amazing proposal that she—an unmarried woman of thirty-four—should take a body of trained women as nurses to the soldiers. The suggestion was greeted with an outcry of shocked horror. The army feared it would have to "protect" these "helpless females"; the doctors were jealous of encroachment; respectable England cried out in alarm for the morals of these women. But Florence Nightingale did not turn aside, and she got her own way.

The scheme was nearly wrecked by the awful women with whom they tried to saddle her, but she was no angel of mercy to these drunken "Sairey Gamps" and she ruthlessly packed them back home by the boats they came out in. Nor was she a ministering angel to the inefficient administrators of the hospital service: her letters are models of Christian fury. Lord Herbert, her champion at home, often begged her to tone down her vehemence against those in authority.

Her actual work in the Crimea went on in face of these obstacles. It was an unending miracle of marvellous administration and of personal endurance. In days when England was going wild about

this already popular heroine, and songs about her were being sung in the streets, she was struggling to get the most elementary supplies to work with. Bandages, drugs, splints: everything had to be fought for. She herself worked night and day at both the actual nursing and the administration. Sometimes she managed on one cup of tea or a drink of whisky from five in the morning until eleven at night. Little wonder that she went down with Crimea fever and lay for months near to death in one of the hospitals she had rescued from utter incompetency.

Thus Florence Nightingale's contribution to Nursing was not only womanly tenderness, though no woman in history had more of that divine quality. To it she added organising genius and one hundred per cent. efficiency. She could never have been *The Lady with the Lamp* had she not also been *The Lady with Purpose and Power*.

That campaign in the Crimea was the mere beginning of a long life of struggle for good administration, and for the right of women to take part in it. She was ninety years old when she died in 1910. Bed-ridden towards the end, her sick-room was still the centre of a whirl of activities: interviews, the dictation of notes and letters, new pioneering schemes for righting wrongs in a score of directions, stretching from the British mismanagement of India to problems of sanitation (itself a subject of taboo to any Victorian lady of breeding, but one of her deepest concerns).

If we look at her Notebooks we find the secret of that zealous life for others, for her truly brilliant intellect found its food in the lifelong study of Christian mysticism, and her whole life was confessedly the expression of her religion. Here is one note, typical of a score of others:

"The way to live with God is to live with Ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work as men and women must above all things have the Spiritual Ideal, their purpose, ever present. The mystical state is the essence of common-sense."

It is not without significance that that exquisite passage comes from a note headed: "*Drains.*"

# THE SAILORS' FRIEND

## *The Story of Samuel Plimsoll*

ON the side of every British ship sailing the seven seas of the world you find a single sign : a circle with a horizontal line across the middle. It is the Plimsoll mark, the symbol that has spelled life instead of death for untold thousands of merchant seamen, the reminder of the name of Samuel Plimsoll, that splendid fighter against the evil of the "coffin ships" of last century. Its immediate practical purpose is to guarantee that no ship is loaded so heavily that the horizontal line is submerged under the water : it is the "thus far and no farther" of weight which each boat can carry without danger of sinking in heavy seas. The story of how it came into being is one of the epics of the struggle for justice and right.

It seems incredible to us to-day that ships could be deliberately sent out to sea with the idea of their being sunk. Nevertheless, in the mad scramble for wealth which characterised the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, unscrupulous men became shipowners with no idea of legitimate trade in carrying cargoes, but with the iniquitous one of buying old ships cheaply, painting them up to appear seaworthy, insuring them heavily, and then loading them almost to the bulwarks so that they would inevitably go down in any rough sea. As evil will, this evil spread. Shipowners who were honestly in trade began to use this dreadful method to rid themselves profitably of their outworn ships. Then, too, there was the contribution of the conscienceless owners who had earlier taken part in the slave trade, and who were facing the slump in shipping demand which for a time was a by-product of its abolition. These men in many cases turned to this means of ridding themselves of the responsibility of the ships they owned. England was already the greatest ship-owning country in the world, and as the nineteenth century advanced, the evil of the "coffin ships" mounted.

The unfortunate men who went out in these ships were doomed. The inevitable period of rough weather, the grossly overladen ship rotten anyway beneath its surface paint, and yet another wreck at sea, entitled the owners to the high insurance money. No trades unions were yet there to defend the men; no laws gave them any protection until Samuel Plimsoll took up their cause, devoted his life to it, and fought it through the House of Commons.

Plimsoll was a Bristol man born there in 1824, and Bristol in those days was a seamen's city. When, therefore, Samuel Plimsoll established himself in London as a successful coal merchant, there was always at the back of his mind the knowledge of this evil thing which belonged to his early surroundings. As a private person, a thriving merchant whose business was entirely unconnected with the question of shipping, he began his agitation on behalf of the seamen. By the time he was forty-four years old he had made enough money to retire from his business and devote himself to the winning of a seat in Parliament in order to carry his campaign there. He became Member for Derby in 1868.

The old story of attacked vested interests repeated itself. Plimsoll was sneered at as a crank and accused of every possible chicanery by the threatened shipowners. Even those in honest trade feared the encroachment of controlling legislation. It was, as usual, asserted that if Britain imposed upon her merchant ships any of the restrictions Plimsoll advocated we should ruin the service and lose the lead we had in the world. Bristol and Liverpool, the two towns which most depended for their prosperity upon shipping interests, said they were faced with ruin, and that the sailors themselves would be the worst sufferers. The man whose lifework eventually earned him the name of "The Sailors' Friend" was represented as the dangerous enemy to all seafaring men.

In 1872 he published his book, *Our Seamen*. It was a tremendous attack on the shipowners, not alone for the extreme evil of the coffin ships, but for the whole negligence of decent conditions of life at sea. It caused a furore. Scurrilous pamphlets were written against Plimsoll; and, as his campaign grew, counter-measures were taken in the form of demonstrations and riots. For four more years he fought this battle of the seamen on the floor of the House of Commons and up and down the country, but his book had rallied the moral

force of public opinion, and in 1876 the Merchant Shipping Act was passed. It was a seamen's charter. By it the Board of Trade was empowered to examine every vessel going to sea and to detain it if it were deemed unsafe. By it every ship had to be marked with a maximum load line that would keep the cargo within the limits of safety. So the famous symbol came into being, and in honour of the man who had fought the good fight it was called the Plimsoll Mark.

This work for sailors was the beginning of a mass of protective regulations, which if still far from ideal, have made the life of the men who go down to the sea in ships infinitely more safe and more comfortable.

Plimsoll himself, feeling that his particular work in the House of Commons was finished, resigned his seat in 1880. But he never ceased his work for seamen. One other matter connected with shipping began to give him concern, and that was the appalling conditions under which live cattle were transported. Again he devoted himself to collecting careful evidence; again he published his exact data in a book. In 1890 his book, *Cattle Ships*, appeared, and once more he stirred the conscience of England with his indictment. The facts were so terrible, the misery of the animals and of the sailors who manned the ships so appalling, that his pamphlet paved the way for reform.

For eight more years the elderly reformer used the influence of his name to improve the lot of seamen, watching with gratification the way that the example of Britain was followed by practically all other nations and his scheme of the load mark adopted, and when he died in 1898 it was on the hulls of the thousand thousand ships of the world that one could find the true memorial to Samuel Plimsoll, "The Sailors' Friend."



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"I cannot trust myself to say what I think or feel in plain English. I shall therefore put my feelings into my work. And, oh! how I will work!"

*Samuel Plimsoll.*



# THE MAN WHO DEFEATED MALARIA

*The Story of  
Ronald Ross*

**A** SWELTERING summer night in tropical India. Solitary in the stillness a man of forty bends over a microscope with a cracked lens. On the plate beneath he has the stomach tissues of an *Anopheles*, one of the many kinds of mosquito which may yield the clue he seeks, the clue to the cure of malaria. For years he has hoped, despaired, hoped again. Now, in this remote place, far from any decently equipped laboratory and with only one specimen of the likely mosquito left to him, Ronald Ross may well have wondered whether his life-work was to fail. Like so many scientists he had a passion, one which would mean the saving of 1,300,000 lives each year in India alone, one which would spell salvation to the tropical world. Like many scientists he discovered that nobody would listen to his theory.

Three years before, on leave in London, he had met another medical scientist, Patrick Manson, who had given him his first word of encouragement. Manson, too, believed that the germ of malaria was carried by the live mosquito in its stomach and passed into the human victim when the mosquito bit him. At that time all orthodox scientific opinion was that the dread disease came from drinking water infected by dead mosquitoes. But Ross felt sure that the secret lay with the *live* mosquito; and back in India, working under the worst possible conditions in the spare time which could be snatched from his ordinary labours in the India Medical Service, he sought to establish his theory.

"The real investigator, like the poet, is born not made," he wrote.

None but a born investigator would have persevered as he did; none either who had not his passion for service to his fellow-men. He was often ill, often in utter despair. At one point in the midst of his research the authorities sent him away up-country to cope with

### *The Man who defeated Malaria*

an outbreak of cholera and precious time was lost. Free at last, Ross went back to study his mosquitoes.

Was he wrong? He must prove his theory by finding the germ in the body of a malaria patient and an identical one in the mosquito which had bitten him. Slowly and patiently the investigation went on: tiny drops of blood were taken from malaria patients; infinitely small parts of mosquitoes were examined. Hope, despair, opposition from those who should have helped. At one time, even when his first experiments had proved him right, the authorities sent him 1000 miles away from the malarial district while the people died in their millions. They continued to spend vast sums fighting the disease of which he alone was known to have the secret.

Was it despair or hope that August night? Suddenly under the microscope he saw the black granules which he had already discovered in the blood of malarial patients. Proof at last: the undeniable truth which science yields to the patient searcher. And in the heart of this deeply religious man came the surging wave of thanksgiving to the God who had inspired him, the God whose service had been his stay even in the darkest days. That day he wrote to his wife a poem, the expression of his faith, the triumph of his creed:

"This day relenting God  
Hath placed within my hand  
A wondrous thing; and God  
Be praised. At His command,  
Seeking His secret deeds  
With tears and toiling breath,  
I find thy cunning seeds,  
O million-murdering death."

He named that day, "Mosquito Day." It was the 29th of August 1897. At that moment of triumph he realised that his difficult task was but half done, for he had still to prove that this microscopic germ was passed back by the bite of the mosquito into man again. And as he settled down to do this, another blow fell: he was ordered away to Bombay, a thousand miles from the malarial district. It meant at least another year's delay, but as soon as he could get back he proved his idea, proved it past all doubt.

By this time he himself was ill. During one attack of fever he kept himself alive by drinking cups of scalding tea. He was poor,

for while other men were getting better positions he had gone on with his research. And as soon as his discovery was made known twenty or thirty other men claimed it.

"I was pummelled on the one side by the pirates and on the other by the sceptics, but was too exhausted to defend myself from either,"

he wrote. The Indian Medical Service were in no hurry to acknowledge either the work or the man.

Back in England, retired from the service, he started a struggle to persuade the government to attack the malaria mosquito in the swamps and rainwater pools of the tropics. The most absurd arguments frustrated his efforts; and at last, driven desperate by official delay, he went off with a single assistant to the swamps of Sierra Leone and by demonstrating the effectiveness of his method he at last gained recognition for it. At last; for twenty years after his original discovery he wrote a bitter little poem, "Anniversary," regretting the million lives a year still lost through lack of official action.

But to-day Ross's method has triumphed all over the world. Great tracts of the tropics have been made habitable; innumerable lives have been saved by the patience and devotion of this scientist who chose the service of humanity rather than self service.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"From birth to death the life of man  
Is infinite on the earth,  
To know and do that which he can,  
And be what he is worth.

"Our mortal life, however wrought,  
Eternity is indeed;  
For every moment brings a thought,  
And every thought's a deed."

*Ronald Ross.*

## BROTH TWICE A WEEK

### *The Story of Albert Schweitzer*

**B**EHIND the schoolhouse in the little village of Günsbach in Alsace two lads are settling some boyish disagreement in a fierce tussle. Tempers are badly frayed and there are no rules to the game : pommelling, all-in wrestling, fists, legs, arms are all in use, checked only by the sense of limits of the swaying crowd of onlookers. With a heave the heavier of the two throws the other, and in an instant is on top of him.

Breathlessly the slighter lad stammers his protest :

"If I got broth to eat twice a week, I'd be as strong as you."

The shaft goes home. Young Albert Schweitzer gets up from his beaten opponent, picks up his coat and walks away. And something strange has happened in his life.

Privilege ; being the parson's son ; being strong ; being clever : how must he use his advantages ? For himself ? To get his own way ?

From that day he tried to achieve equality as others strive to outdo their fellows. There were family scenes when he refused to wear his new overcoat, or deliberately lost his gloves. There was trouble with his schoolmates when he applied his unspoken theory to stop them killing birds. But whatever he did there were some directions where Schweitzer could not become equal. He happened to be possessed of a magnificent mind, and to be something of a genius in music.

When he went to the University his mental powers put him in the front line, and his playing of the organ gave him a reputation which soon stretched far beyond Mulhausen, spread to Paris and caused him to be invited there as organist of the famous Bach Society. At his final examination he achieved success with everything except his trousers, for he had seen no reason to spend money on the

customary formal suit for this occasion, and had borrowed the necessary garment from his uncle regardless of the fact that he was tall and slim and the uncle short and stout. Albert Schweitzer had the kind of courage that did not mind being different in such matters.

It was at this time that he made a pact with his own soul. For nine more years, until he was thirty, he would pursue the things he loved—music and philosophy—then he would unreservedly give his life to some service for his fellows.

The nine years were a triumphal progress. He became Principal of the Theological College at Strasbourg. He became a popular preacher at the splendid St. Nicholas Church there. He wrote a book, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, which brought him fame as a writer, a philosopher and a theologian. He went to Paris, to Berlin, to other great cities to give organ recitals. He wrote a treatise on organ-building which was the best of its kind. As organist of the Paris Bach Society he was accepted as a great interpreter of that master. How easy it would have been to forget, or at least postpone the fulfilment of that vow made in the enthusiasm of youth! No pressing human need called; he was doing excellent work in at least three directions.

Then he read a magazine article which gave him his call. At that time the consciences of just men were being stirred by the revelation of the appalling exploitation of the natives of the Congo by Europeans. On 13th October 1905, Albert Schweitzer wrote a batch of letters to his relatives and friends and to those august bodies under which he held appointments. Those letters burned his boats. He was throwing up everything to train as a doctor for service in the Congo. He would earn his fees by his work as organist; indeed, six years later he obtained the fee for his final examination by playing at the Munich Musical Festival.

On Good Friday, 1913, Schweitzer, now a fully qualified medical man, and his recently wedded wife, set out for Lambarene in the French Congo. With the cases of supplies he had one which he hardly dared to open—a piano which the Paris Bach Society had presented as a parting gift. He built his hospital in the heart of Equatorial Africa, with an old fowl-house as a consulting-room. The writing, the music, the preaching were behind him; he had promised the Paris Missionary Society that he would not preach,

for his ideas were somewhat heterodox ; and the fact that he could not bear to touch the piano showed how much his renunciation of music meant to him.

Then in 1914 came war, and out there in the French Congo this friend of all men found himself technically an "enemy," forbidden to leave his house or continue his work of mercy. In his unhappiness he turned back to music : he opened the piano, and systematically regained mastery. Also he wrote another book, *The Decay and Restoration of Civilisation*. It had for its theme that which Schweitzer had made the keynote of his philosophy : reverence for life. For three years he struggled on under surveillance, managing to do a little of the work of healing ; then he was ordered back to Europe, interned in a prison camp, transferred to a prison, and after nine months, because of severe illness, exchanged and allowed to go back to Günsbach. It seemed that he might die there, so ill was he, so unable to stand up to the awful conditions of the blockade.

From this Slough of Despond Schweitzer was saved by a call to lecture in Sweden. The understanding Principal of Upsala University arranged more lectures, and then some organ recitals. Once again the world opened before him : sat at the feet of his wisdom, listened to his music. This man who was already Doctor of Medicine, of Music, of Theology, of Philosophy, found honours showering upon him. The kingdoms of the world were offered again.

But the vow still held.

Albert Schweitzer used the adulation, the rewards of his just fame, to redeem his bankrupted hospital. In 1924 he returned to Lambarene and took up his work again.

Sometimes on brief furloughs, or to raise money to carry on, Albert Schweitzer returns to London, Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, or the other great cities of Europe. Crowds flock to hear this fine organist, who would have been a master had he given his life to his art ; or to listen to still brilliant lectures from this thinker who turned his back on philosophy. Learned bodies beg him to speak to them. All doors are open to him.

Then he goes back to his self-appointed task among the negroes in the backwoods of Africa, unwilling still to eat broth twice a week.

*The Word behind the Deed*

"Civilisation originates when men become inspired by a strong and clear determination to attain progress, and consecrate themselves to the service of life and of the world."



"It is only in ethics that we can find the driving force for such action, transcending as it does the limits of our own existence."



"Nothing of real value in the world is ever accomplished without enthusiasm and self-sacrifice."



"The future of civilisation depends on our overcoming the meaninglessness and hopelessness which characterise the thoughts and convictions of men to-day, and reaching a state of fresh hope and fresh determination. We shall be capable of this only when the majority of individuals discover for themselves a profound and steadfast attitude of life affirmation."



"Without such a general spiritual experience there is no possibility of holding our world back from the ruin and disintegration towards which it is being hastened. It is our duty then to rouse ourselves to fresh reflection about the world and life."

*Albert Schweitzer.*

## POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

### *The Story of Lord Shaftesbury*

STRUGGLE is not always from poverty to power. Here is the story of a man born rich, aristocratic, destined to govern. But Anthony Ashley is famous not because he was the son of an earl and himself became Lord Shaftesbury; nor because he was a Member of Parliament at twenty-five; but because he gave his whole life to working for little children slaving in the coal-mines, to the "Climbing Boys" who were being sent up chimneys to clean them, to poor ill-treated lunatics, to paupers in the poorhouses, to men, women and children working long hours under dreadful conditions in factories. The work which Lord Shaftesbury did needed a special kind of courage, a special kind of nobility. It would have been so easy for him to have settled down as a wealthy man, married to a fashionable wife, able to occupy important government positions without doing much work. But he was not that sort of fellow.

Perhaps he was made sympathetic because, in spite of wealth and position, his childhood was one of great misery. His school was awful.

"Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort."

His home was almost as bad, with his terribly strict father and a mother who did not care for him. He cried at school at the mere thought of going home; he cried at home at the idea of going back to school.

There was one spot of light—Maria Millis, the old servant who loved and taught this poor little rich boy. He always said she was the best friend he ever had, for even when he grew up he remained a friendless man, cut by his own class because of the line he took about social affairs. Maria Millis did one special thing for little



Anthony Ashley : she taught him her own simple religion. It was narrow, uncompromising, rigid, but it shaped his whole life.

His passion for the poor began when, a schoolboy at Harrow, he saw a pauper's funeral. The ugliness and crudeness of it so shocked this sensitive boy that he resolved to devote himself to social reform ; and, immediately he left Oxford, he went into Parliament with this in view.

His first important speech was a plea for the decent treatment of lunatics. The unfortunate mad people of one hundred years ago were shamefully treated—chained, herded together, left lying in filth, beaten, and shown to the public as an amusing spectacle which people paid to see. It was a grand beginning to Shaftesbury's work that he helped to persuade Parliament to pass the Act which began to put this right.

That was but the beginning. After that it was usually Shaftesbury himself who introduced to the House of Commons Bills for all manner of splendid reforms. Above all he became the champion of the rights of children. The unhappy child was giving his life to bring happiness to other unknown children.

In those days tiny mites of five to eight were working in the mines : babes of five years old opening and closing the ventilation doors, children of eight hauling little trucks through narrow openings underground. Shaftesbury became their advocate. His opponents tried to assure the House of Commons that the children liked being in the mines, that their parents wanted the miserable coppers the children earned, or anyway that the prosperity of England depended upon the supply of cheap labour. Shaftesbury's speeches were fiery denials, and his two important Bills changed the worst of these conditions and prevented women and young children from going to the mines.

Meantime he was carrying on fights for shortening hours in the mills and factories ; for better conditions for paupers ; for half a dozen other essential reforms.

Not the least fascinating of his efforts was that on behalf of the chimney boys. Over a hundred years before Jonas Hanway (who incidentally invented umbrellas) had pleaded for a law to prevent sweeps getting little boys to go up the chimneys. You may remember that in *Oliver Twist*, Oliver was nearly "apprenticed" to a sweep,

and although Mr. Bumble said he "doated" on sweeping chimneys Oliver looked so miserable that he escaped the dreadful job. Hundreds of boys were not so lucky. There were continual scandals when one of these children got suffocated or burned to death in a chimney. Year after year boys were bought and sold into this misery in spite of feeble attempts to alter it.

For more than thirty years Shaftesbury fought the battle of the Climbing Boys on the floor of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. In 1873 Christopher Drummond, a little lad of seven and a half years old, was suffocated in a flue, and Shaftesbury made his death a rallying-ground against the dreadful scandal. It took two more years to get his Bill through, but when it was passed we had for the first time a law on the matter which could not be evaded.

Shaftesbury wrote in his diary: "By His Grace I have stirred the country." "By His Grace." Shaftesbury's religion was still as narrow intellectually as when old Maria Millis taught it to him, but as somebody has written, "He lived by a religion which gave him sustaining force." And the chimney boys, the women and children from the mines, all the factory workers, the lunatics, the paupers, animals (for he was one of the moving spirits of the early R.S.P.C.A.), boys and girls in the Ragged Schools, young people who were helped to start life afresh overseas by the Shaftesbury Society, thousands upon thousands had lives made infinitely less unhappy by this poor little rich boy who consecrated his life to their service, "by His Grace."



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"I have been bold enough to undertake this task, because I must regard the objects of it as being created, like ourselves, by the same Master, redeemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality."

*Lord Shaftesbury.*

# A BOOK THAT STIRRED THE WORLD

*The Story of  
Harriet Beecher Stowe*

“SO you’re the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war.”

The speaker was Abraham Lincoln ; the “ little woman,” Harriet Beecher Stowe ; the scene, Lincoln’s own house in Washington at the height of the American Civil War just after he had made his historic declaration freeing the slaves in all American states. It was the president’s greeting to the woman whose words had really fired America to put right this terrible wrong of slavery ; it was his tribute to *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*.

The story of that book and its writer is one of the romances of literature. She has described herself as

“ a little bit of a woman—somewhat more than forty, just as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff ; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now.”

As we read of her life as the wife of that impractical preacher, Calvin Ellis Stowe, as the mother of seven children, the balancer of an otherwise hopeless family budget by her contributions of serial stories to periodicals, the organiser of a household which seems continually to have been on the move, we understand her phrase “ a used-up article.” When she wrote that self-description in 1852 she had just published her book and already the world was ringing with her fame.

Harriet Beecher was twenty-four when she married Professor Stowe, who was “ rich in Greek, Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, but nothing else.” His concern was with the study and preaching of the gospel, and not with such worldly affairs as buying china or bedding. Happily Harriet was a preacher’s daughter, and had always lived in a home where such values prevailed. And Harriet had

learned to use her pen, writing highly romantic fiction which the editors of local papers accepted as serial stories.

There is a delightful account of a scene in her kitchen in those days, with her sister insisting on her completing the waiting instalment of a sentimental story, taking from dictation between attention to the infants and orders to a very raw "Help" to put the pork on top of the beans in the oven, then thrusting the copy-book into Harriet's own hands for her to add a sentence or two whilst the ink-bottle perched perilously on the lid of the tea-kettle.

Meantime, as a national background to this growing family the question of slavery smoulders and occasionally bursts into flame. Her father and brother Henry ally themselves with the party which works towards Abolition. Henry as the owner-editor of a paper in their town of Cincinnati finds himself challenged particularly, and pleads the cause of the slaves when the mob have broken up the presses of the other local Abolitionist paper and burned down the premises. Even in Philadelphia Liberty Hall is burned down when an Abolitionist Convention is sitting there.

The immediate issue at that time was the Slave Fugitive Bill, which sought to give—and becoming law *did* give—the right to the owner to retake a runaway who had crossed the borders from the Southern States where slavery was still acknowledged. Many who were not yet prepared to force the Southerners to accept Abolition, felt that this extension of their powers over the whole country was a triumph for reaction. The "underground passage" which smuggled escaping slaves to freedom under the British flag in Canada was the reply of those who were courageous enough to work against the iniquitous new law.

Living on the borders of the slave states the Beechers and the Stowes were fiercely challenged by this situation. Harriet was already incensed at the mob violence which in defence of slavery could attack almost without rebuke. Her heart was with the fugitives. At the end of one letter she writes :

"What is there in Cincinnati to satisfy one whose mind is awakened on this subject? No one can have the system of slavery brought before him without an irresistible desire to do something, but what is there to be done?"

One day her sister-in-law wrote in a letter :

"If I could use a pen as you can I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

As Harriet Beecher Stowe read that letter aloud to her assembled family she rose from her chair, crushed it in her hand and said : "God helping me I will write something. I will if I live."

In that resolve *Uncle Tom's Cabin* really was born.

It was not easy. She was so terribly harassed by her domestic life. She was a very sick woman ; the children, the house, her husband, made constant demands on her time. She was cook, nurse, housekeeper, needlewoman, charlady, wife and mother and teacher in the home, with other literary commitments to fulfil. "Rowing against the wind and tide," as she herself put it. Months passed and still her passionate vow remained unfulfilled.

But there came a moment in church during the communion service when something outside herself took possession of her. Like the unrolling of a picture scroll she saw the scene of the death of Uncle Tom pass before her eyes. In her ears, almost physically, she heard the words of Jesus : "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." She could scarcely refrain from weeping aloud, so strong was her vision ; and, dashing home, she locked herself in her room and wrote furiously. There was not enough paper and she scribbled away in pencil on some brown paper in which her groceries had been wrapped. She said afterwards that it seemed as if what she wrote were blown through her mind on a rushing wind. When she read the fragment to her impressionable family the children wept in sympathy with Uncle Tom. Her husband, who from the first had encouraged her writing, was equally moved ; his hopes ran high that she would earn enough money by the story to buy herself a new silk dress. Incidents and characters from the past linked themselves with Uncle Tom : Eliza's flight across the ice of the frozen river had happened to an escaping slave-woman and her child while Harriet herself had been in Ohio ; Topsy she had known ; Legree her brother had told her of.

Harriet Beecher Stowe offered the story as a serial as she wrote it to *The National Era*. Jewett, a young Boston publisher, asked for

it in book form. The business adviser of the Stowes, deciding that the subject was unpopular and anyway that no woman writer could be popular, begged them not to share any risks in the publication. He need not have feared. Within a month it was raging like a prairie fire across America ; within a year it was lighting the world, translated into over twenty languages and selling by hundreds of thousands of copies. The full fury of the Anti-abolitionists turned against this little woman. Garrison, the anti-slavery politician, was almost forgotten beside her.

On the crest of that wave of indignation Lincoln was elected President, Lincoln the brilliant orator pledged to the Abolitionist cause. The alarmed Southern States demanded the right to leave the Union, and for four years the nation fought out this question in the horrors of the American Civil War, till with the victory of the North the slaves were freed.

And in an unwieldy house at Andover—the by-product of her success—Harriet Beecher Stowe, as famous as any woman in the world at her time, still struggled with domesticity which was too much for her to manage, and dealt ruefully with the pilgrims who arrived to meet the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

“ Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel so that the weak become so mighty.”

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## “ONLY ONE’S LIFE . . .”

### *The Story of Leo Tolstoy*

SOME lives are magnificent failures. Nevertheless they may show the way, and years hence—perhaps centuries—we shall be able to recognise their true greatness and their real success.

The life of Count Leo Tolstoy was one of these. To-day we think of him chiefly as the novelist who wrote *War and Peace*, admittedly the most wonderful novel that has ever been written. Surely, you say, that is success ! But Tolstoy himself would not agree with you, even though he accepted this high praise of his genius as a writer. We have to turn to the story of his life to see why he thought he had failed—that life-story as romantic as any novel.

Leo Tolstoy was born in the little town of Yasnaya Poliana in Russia : an aristocrat, the son of an important and wealthy family. Like Francis of Assisi seven centuries before, Tolstoy as a young man started leading a dashing military life. He fought as an officer in the Crimean War, and began his literary career by sending home some sketches of a soldier’s life under the title of *Tales from Sebastopol*. These made him famous in the select writing circles of the capital, St. Petersburg, and when he returned from the war he found himself something of a notoriety. He inherited the family estate and the title ; he married a beautiful and wealthy girl ; he had friends and admirers everywhere. Popular, talented, rich, gay : it looked as if the course of his life were mapped out for this brilliant young man.

But there was that in the soul of Leo Tolstoy which would not let him take his ease comfortably in this pleasant world of his inheritance. He began being concerned for less fortunate folk. The socialists of his country were agitating for the freeing of the serfs ; and this man, who all his life tried to act upon the beliefs and ideals he adopted, promptly set free the serfs on his own estate.

It was the first of a series of acts of other-worldliness which continued all through his life.

"Only one's life," he wrote, "can show the path ; only the example of one's life."

The wrongs of the poor, of the peasants, became his concern. He strove in every way to identify himself with them, to work as they worked, live as simply as they lived. This aristocratic landowner, this brilliant writer whose novels and stories were taking the world by storm, this society leader, chose to live on his estate dressed like a peasant, in a room as simply furnished as that of a peasant. He spent his days chopping wood, ploughing the land, making sandals.

"Only one's life can show the path."

The tragedy of that decision was that his wife saw this only as a sacrifice of his genius. She was a woman, with all a woman's sense of realism. Her diary is a cry of pain :

"He is a Leader, one who goes ahead of the crowd, pointing the way men should go. But I am the crowd ; I live in its currents."

By this time he had written *War and Peace* and that other masterly novel, *Anna Karenina*, and Countess Tolstoy saw this mighty power being lost as he devoted hours every day to doing tasks the lowliest of the servants could have performed. Nor was he happy. His own inner religious experiences during those years tortured him. He has written one book called *Confessions* telling the story of his inward struggle in those days : how he dared not have a revolver near lest he took his own life. At last he won through to something like peace and happiness, but it was bought at the price of the sacrifice of any happiness in the family.

The struggle was unending. His writings became tremendous challenges to the world. *What Then Must We Do ?* he called one book. Another, *The Kingdom of God is Within You*. He pleaded that humanity should turn away from the world as he had done. Even Art, which meant so much to him, he sacrificed. The peasants, they had the secret, he urged ; simplify, simplify.

There came a time when he definitely gave up all his worldly



possessions, and as his wife and family would not agree to the loss he gave them over to his wife, remaining a beggar in his own home and taking nothing of the vast earnings from his books. But this did not solve the problem, for Tolstoy was bound to his wife and she to him by ties of love as strong as their division on this question of how to live.

"One's family is one's flesh," he wrote.

And she :

"There is something in you so wise, kind, naive and obstinate, and it is all lit up by your tender interest for every one, natural to you alone and by your look that reaches straight to people's souls."

For nearly a quarter of a century that struggle went on. Meantime his influence as a teacher and practiser of absolute primitive Christianity spread round the world. Every question was referred to him. A pronouncement from the bare, white-washed room was as powerful as a message from Pope or Emperor. Tolstoy became the spiritual dictator of the world. His power of writing did not seem ever to decline, and for thirty years, until after he was eighty, he devoted it to spreading his faith in possessing nothing, in absolute pacifism and non-resistance, in losing the whole world to find one's own soul.

But always the normal flow of life on the estate battered against his defences. Early one morning—it was November, 1910—the eighty-two-year-old man fled, leaving a letter begging them not to follow him. He wanted to retire absolutely from the world, to escape for the rest of his days from the battle with his own kinsfolk.

That evening he reached the monastery of Optin, one of the greatest shrines in Russia. He wished to enter the brotherhood there, performing the humblest duties, and stipulating only that he should not be compelled to attend church. The next day, propagandist to the last, he wrote an article against the use of the death penalty. But at five o'clock Alexandra, his daughter, arrived to warn him that his family were following, intent upon taking him back. In the November cold and darkness he set off again, striking south towards the Caucasus, where he may have hoped to join one

of the Christian communities which his own teaching had brought into being. But the effort was too great. That night he collapsed on his journey, and at a miserable wayside station the homeless man ended his pilgrimage, his flight from the world.

Had he failed? Or had he by this last gesture justified his creed of sacrifice?

"Only one's life. . . . Only the example of one's life."



*The Word behind the Deed*

"The time is already near at hand when the Christian foundations of life—equality, brotherly love, communion of goods, non-resistance of evil by violence—will seem as natural and simple as the foundations of family, social and state life appear to us at the present time."



"Man is an animal and cannot cease to be an animal while he lives in the flesh; but, on the other hand, he is a spiritual being, rejecting all the demands of the animal in man."



"God is for me that after which I strive."



"There is only one way to serve mankind. That is to become better yourself."

*Leo Tolstoy.*

## THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO SOMETHING      *The Story of William Wilberforce*

ONE of the greatest of all struggles for the betterment of the world was that fight against slavery which waged for two hundred years, from the mid-seventeenth century when first it began to worry the tender consciences of rare "cranks" until the end of the American Civil War. Great names are strewn across that field, but none stands higher than that of William Wilberforce. In England, at least, it was his life of untiring devotion to what at times seemed so hopeless a cause that finally carried the day.

The life-story of Wilberforce is a chapter from chivalry. At first it looked as though Fortune had produced yet one more terribly gay young-man-about-town. His early Diary is a record of ceaseless gaiety: dinners, parties, cards, theatres, opera, elegant amusements of all kinds. He was the closest friend of his brilliant contemporary, William Pitt, Prime Minister of England at the age of twenty-four; and if Pitt sobered a little on taking office, Wilberforce saw no need for such curtailment of his pleasures. He was M.P. for Yorkshire, rich, witty, popular. His health might have been better, but "Bed about 3" or "Bed about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4" being a recurring confession of the Diary, we need not be surprised.

Then the strange thing happened. Wilberforce went off with his mother, two sisters and a cousin on a tour of Europe. As a male companion he took with him a poorish young man named Isaac Milner, who shared his carriage to the Riviera. At Nice that winter they picked up a little book, *The Rise and Progress of Religion*, and on the long slow journey home along the snow-clogged roads the two men discussed the book. Milner, besides being a brilliant scholar, was deeply religious, a product of the great Evangelical movement started by Wesley and Whitefield which was changing the social face of England. We do not know exactly what the talk was as the

carriage clattered and groaned along the French roads, but when William Wilberforce arrived in London he was a changed man.

Outwardly the Diary records much the same life of society and gaiety, but there are comments in the new spirit. And once he wrote :

“Began to get up very early. In the solitude and self-conversation of the morning, had thoughts that I trust will come to something.”

From that time the life of this man was consecrated to service. In a new journal of his innermost spiritual life which Wilberforce began to keep we have a day by day record of that hard-won conversion, but when he came through to happiness again he never turned back.

He remained in politics, but no longer as a dilettante or a rich young place-hunter. Soon he was looking for some cause to champion which would bring his passionate Christianity into social affairs ; and, happily, the group who were working for the Abolition of the Slave Trade were at that moment seeking a leader who would carry on their work on the floor of the House of Commons. Who better than this earnest young man, the able orator and the lifelong friend of the Prime Minister ? Pitt himself, though keenly sympathetic, was in no position to make Abolition a definite government issue. Enormous vested interests opposed it. Bristol and Liverpool had practically been built on the profits from the infamous trade ; British shipping had become the first in the world under its inflatus, carrying more than 50,000 slaves yearly from Africa to America ; enormous riches poured into England from this traffic in human misery, and great fortunes were being made ; our colonies in the West Indies depended upon it. Pitt, holding together with difficulty his weak government, was unable to lead the fight. But it was he who ~~many~~ prompted Wilberforce to take the step, and Wilberforce brought to it all the power of his newly found religion.

The struggle in its two great phases—first for making the carrying of slaves on British ships illegal, then of freeing all slaves under the British flag—was destined to take nearly fifty years. There were periods of something like despair. Laws were passed despite enormous opposition in the Commons, only to be defeated in the Lords. Bills passed by both houses were skilfully circumvented. Abuses were blinked at : slaves were openly sold in the streets of Liverpool and

carried in the coffin ships packed so closely that often they had only two cubic feet of space each.

Right across the hopes of the campaign came the fear-ridden reaction to the French Revolution and the long misery of the Napoleonic Wars. These played straight into the hands of the Anti-abolitionists, as every form of freedom became suspect, and the Abolitionists were cited as traitors ready to sacrifice British trade and so benefit the hated French. At times it looked as if all were lost, but Wilberforce never faltered.

It took twenty years to get the Bill against the trade passed. In the final debate, as member after member praised the man whose untiring devotion had made it possible, Wilberforce himself was so overcome by emotion that he sat bent in his seat, his head in his hands and tears streaming down his face.

If that night was the climax of his career it was but the prelude to the Second Crusade, the fight to abolish all slavery under British rule. That battle kept Wilberforce at strain for another twenty-five years. The history of the struggle for Abolition of the trade was repeated in that for the ending of slavery itself. Wilberforce was physically frail. His very triumph had placed upon him the burden of an enormous amount of work. Pitt, his beloved friend, had died. But the warrior for freedom fought on to the last.

There is a certain poetic beauty in the fact that on the 25th of July 1833, news was carried to a very sick, old man: the House of Commons had passed the final measure in all that long fight for freedom.

*Nunc dimittis*: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

In two days William Wilberforce was dead; but the Second Crusade had succeeded as the First had done, his life-work was crowned with triumph, and eight hundred thousand slaves became free men. The stain was washed at last from the British flag.

The thoughts of that early morning self-conversation had, indeed, "come to something."



#### *The Word behind the Deed*

"True Christian benevolence contracts itself to the measure of the smallest, expands itself to the amplitude of the largest."

*William Wilberforce.*



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# ON TOP OF THE WORLD

## *The Story of Francis Younghusband*

OF all the adventures which befell Francis Younghusband during that long life extending from 1863 until two years ago, it is not easy to determine which was the most thrilling. Adventures of the body, adventures of the mind, adventures of the spirit: he knew them all, for he was explorer, scholar and mystic, and one of the world's most daring men.

Physical adventures there were in plenty after that day when, browsing among the maps in his uncle's library on the Indian frontier, he felt the call of exploration. The Himalayas, then almost uncharted; the Gobi desert stretching eastward into the heart of China; the Mountain barrier between Kashmir and the East; Tibet, the mysterious and forbidden: they lured him and he answered. For years, whenever leave from the Indian Army permitted, Younghusband went off on those solitary journeys; and the atlases of the world, as well as the travel books he has written, record his discoveries.

He was still a comparatively young man when, needing somebody to penetrate into the forbidden city of Lhasa in Tibet to negotiate with the Priest-Emperor, the Dalai Lama, the British Government chose him. He performed the mission so brilliantly that he was given the honour of Knight Commandant of the Indian Empire.

Young as he was, he had already made two attempts to retire from public work in India to pursue the one thing he wished to do. That thing had come to him as he spent his lonely vigils under the stars of the desert or on the high places of the greatest mountains in the world. It was to understand more of the inner secret and wonder of the universe. His young manhood had been lived at a time when new discoveries in geology, astronomy, biology were challenging the old narrow Christian creeds. His was a brilliant



intelligence, and he knew that these scientific men were right. But out there under the infinitude of stars he knew also that behind nature was God.

"Not God as a kind of glorified Father Christmas," as he wrote, "but some spirit vast enough to order the movement of the stars, strong enough to throw up the peaks of the mountains from the old ocean beds."

When Younghusband was thirty Tolstoy published his book, *The Kingdom of God is within You*. It pointed the way. Religion alone, he felt, would "effect the greatest good in the world," and he wrote to his father saying that he was leaving the service of the Government for that service of religion.

But events had their way with him. A newspaper sent him to South Africa as matters there rushed down into the tragedy of the Boer War. Back in practical affairs he was asked to return to India; no longer, however, on the frontier where the Muslims predominated but to a definitely Hindu part of the country. Then came that call to lead the mission to Tibet, an intense study of Buddhism, the religion of that country, and the two years' journey thither.

In 1905 he came back to England, and as a scholar was given an important professorship at Cambridge University; but the next year he was invited to go to India again, this time as the British Resident in his beloved Kashmir. It was a high honour, but none was better able to fulfil it than this man.

In all his work on behalf of the Empire that he loved Sir Francis Younghusband had one supreme advantage: that the brotherhood of mankind, white man, brown man, yellow man, was a living fact to him. He believed that by the chance of history Britain above all nations had the opportunity to unite races and peoples. Three hundred million Hindus, nearly a hundred million Muslims, twelve million Buddhists, millions more Jews, as well as every conceivable type of Christian, were under the flag. Sir Francis had a vision of that mighty concourse of peoples, one-fourth of the inhabitants of the earth, working together in mutual help and toleration. Chief of all he dreamed of a vast brotherhood of religions which should continue the search for God which had become so real to him under the star-bright sky of the Gobi desert.

And once, twice, thrice, he tells us in his deeply intimate books,

he was given experiences so strange, so wonderful that he could never more doubt. They were greater than all his physical adventures when his life was in danger ; greater than those excitements of the mind when he had the privilege of long discussions with some of the most important intellects of his time.

One occurred on the evening of the day his expedition left Lhasa. He was alone on that vast upland plateau, and in the quietude and solitude of the mountain-side his whole being seemed caught up in an overwhelming sense of joy and ecstasy. He knew himself during these hours to be one with the spirit behind the whole universe, the power that created the stars and the mountains and the unseen flowers whose delicate scent drifted up from under his feet.

Thirty-two years afterwards he wrote of that unforgettable experience :

“ It convinced me of the goodness at the heart of the world and of every human being. Thirty-two years have passed since then and I have seen much evil. Yet the sight of that evil has not shaken the conviction which then came to me that working through the universe is a power transforming the evil into good.”

Twice again it happened thus in his life, and each time the certitude deepened. Like Enoch of old, this brilliant scholar and man of affairs had walked with God.

And all the later years of his life were devoted to the task of bringing together the religions of the world. Each one, he felt, had its own vision, its own path up the one mountain of knowledge. The World Fellowship of Faiths came out of that belief. Under his wise guidance Christians of every creed, Hindu and Muslim and Buddhist, Jainist and Jew and Shintoist, and the foremo- and philosophers gathered to that universal quest. It may well be that this work of unifying mankind at its deepest point is truly the work of to-morrow, but Sir Francis Younghusband has laid its foundations.



*The Word behind the Deed*

“ Love then is the supremely valuable thing to lay hold of, to cling to with both hands and with all our might.”

*Francis Younghusband*

## ONE WORD MORE

**A** WORD to underline the truth that these men and women who have done and are doing such magnificent things in laying the foundations of our modern social progress, these "Four-and-twenty Leaders of Revolt," who have fought evils and vanquished them, are urged to that work as the simple outcome of their Christianity.

There is a tendency to-day to think glibly that the followers of religion are rather reactionary ; on the contrary, some of us believe that the great reforming spirit in the modern world is really the expanding application of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, Who brought the world a message of brotherhood in all human relationships.

One other tendency is to imagine Christians to be simple-minded folk—good, maybe, but not very intelligent. Look back over the names in this book. They are the master minds of their times. And if we asked them where they got the ideas, the splendid urge to put them into practice, the marvellous power to carry them out in face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, we know—from what they themselves have said, from what those who knew them best have told us—their answer would be :  
from God.

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